

spare Rib

woman's news
magazine
February 1973
17 1/2p

No 8

MEN: *How They See Us and How They Don't..*

One man gives the game away. And painter Allen Jones plays hide-and-seek with critic Laura Mulvey.

NOTES FOR A MASTERPIECE: *John Berger's*

unpublished material for prize-winning 'G'

CRUELTY-

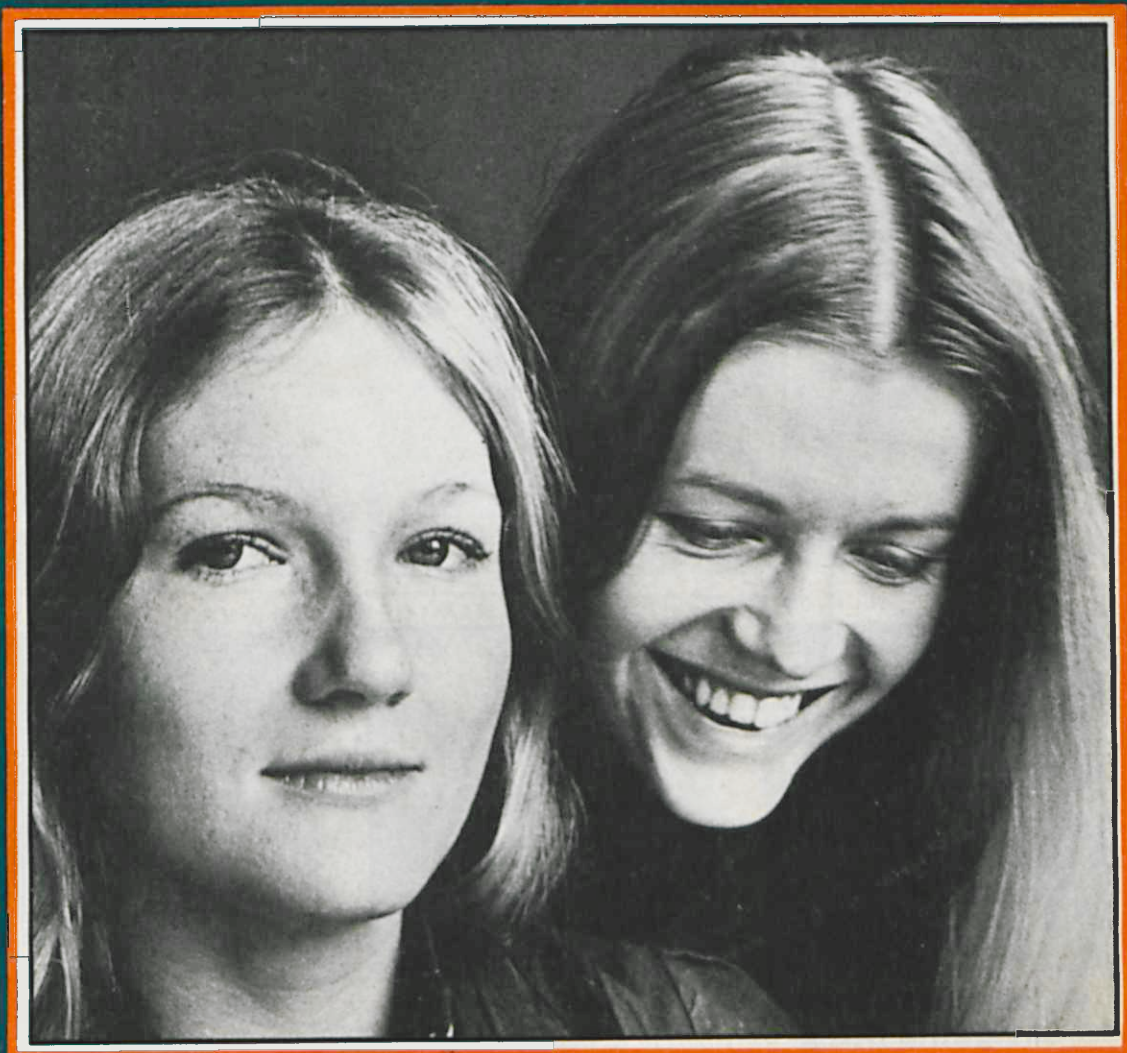
Can you be beautiful without it?

ABORTION-

Everything you need to know.

NEWS:

Women Flare up at College, plus new medical advice column.



LILLIAN ROXON- *How to be a Published Writer* ♥♥♥



MONTY PYTHON'S PREVIOUS RECORD
 Monty Python
 CAS 1063



STRING DRIVEN THING
 String Driven Thing
 CAS 1062



GENESIS
 Foxtrot
 CAS 1058



GRAHAM BELL
 Graham Bell
 CAS 1061



Contents

February 1973

8

Cover photograph of Anna Coote and Griselda Pollock of Women's Lobby by Angela Phillips

6 Artistic War Paint. Our beauty editor gives a young man his new look.

8 School daze Sexuality. Derek Blunn recalls the bad old days at school.

13 You don't know what is happening do you, Mr Jones. Laura Mulvey looks at the work of famous painter Allen Jones.

16 Well, Allen Jones answers back. Interview by Su Braden.

31 Hong Kong Revisited. Joselyn Morton continuing our series on women's lives in other countries.

36 Everything you need to know about Abortion. by Angela Phillips.

10 John Berger's working notes and photos for his latest book 'G'.

4 In our own write. Letters from readers.

34 How to be a published writer by Lillian Roxon.

25 Beauty without Cruelty. Pat Barr talks about cosmetic responsibility.

27 Reviews. Beginning Nicky's record column plus Carmel Koerber on Bessie Smith, Sue Cowley on The Body Politic Angela Briggs on the Pill on Trial and Buckm Buckman on Priority Education.

39 Spare Parts by Stephanie Gilbert.

17 Cleaners strike in hallowed Oxford.

19 Medical. New health advice column by Angela Briggs

20 Spare Time. Events around the country.

Editors: Marsha Rowe and Rosie Boycott

Contributing Editor: Rosie Parker

Reviews Editor, Production and Distribution: Rose Ades

Advertising: Marion Fudger

Design: Kate Hepburn, Sally Doust and Lucinda Cowell

Spare Rib: Published monthly by Spare Ribs Ltd, 9 Newburgh St, London W1A 4XS
Printed by J.H. Paull Ltd, 23 Dod St, London E14 Typesetting by Dahling Dahling,
331 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1A 8PX Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd, 334
Brixton Road, London SW9

no comment

with more men would
talk so openly about
themselves. We might
understand them more.

we're doing China
next issue. The East
can't be that bad
for women.

from a man we'd
support all the way

sorry we couldn't
print more.
(P.S. Letters from
secretaries were
easy to read!)

see you next month
love

spare
Rib

features

fiction

regulars

news

Day Nurseries

Dear Spare Rib,

I agree entirely that there should be more day nurseries open to everybody, but what would happen if they were. There would not be enough staff to run them. At this moment there are council run day nurseries which are half empty because there is not enough staff available because they are so poorly paid.

I am working in a council day nursery in London, as an assistant earning a wage of £15 a week, paid monthly. I am 21 years old and have decided, after working in nurseries (and as a nannie) for 4 years, to do my NNEB training because I have found I can't get anywhere without it. The training is a two year course of 3 days at the nursery and 2 days at college per week, for which I will be paid the grand sum of £8 a week, paid monthly, and I have found that I will not be able to get a grant.

I find it outrageous that I am expected to live on £8. I do not live at home, so I pay rent of £5 a week, plus electricity, gas, telephone and food bills, and my fare which is £1 a week.

I am very lucky because I live communally and things work out cheaper. But if I decided, in the next 2 years, to live away from communal life I will not be able to afford training.

So before we start demanding more day nurseries, I think we ought to look at the people who work in them and see how they can be helped. They are usually very dedicated people who are being really exploited. The job they are doing is very strenuous physically as well as mentally, when you have to look after about 16 children, sometimes on your own. Their ages range from 18 months to 5 years and it can be really exhausting.

S.K.

Epidurals

Dear Spare Rib,

An epidural on the National Health may not be such a painless experience as that Kathleen Tynan describes. I had both my babies in Southmead Hospital, Bristol (one of the best-equipped and up-to-date maternity sections in the country). My first child was born normally enough. Despite psychoprophylaxis I was in agony for some 13 hours, and the delivery was a nightmare. I had pethidine until I felt I was on a bad acid trip. The gas and

air machine had to be taken away as I was wedging it into the bed and in danger of passing out completely. I had a glucose drip in one hand to give me energy and another drip to keep the contractions going.

Despite an epidural, my second child was born under remarkably similar conditions. The trouble was that, instead of administering it while I was in sufficient control of my senses to appreciate what was going on, they waited until I was a moaning heap dragged up to the eyeballs with pethidine (which, incidentally, never seemed to lessen my pain one iota, simply addled my brain). The customary needles stuck in each hand meant I couldn't move.

Then a jolly consultant appeared, accompanied by a small horde of medical students. They discussed my interesting case as if I wasn't there, then had me stripped naked, the two drips painfully manoeuvred so that I was lying on my left side. I was unable to turn or move and with the words 'this shouldn't hurt too much', thrust a needle into my spine. It did bloody hurt actually. Then a sort of bottle arrangement was strapped to my right shoulder, a way of feeding the drip into my spine I imagine. With three needles sticking into me, I was left with a nervous medical student who refused to believe me when I told him the pain hadn't gone, merely focussed itself in one small area somewhere to the right of my abdomen.

The actual delivery was not as bad as the first one and the labour not quite so prolonged. The experience was still nightmarish. My husband, who had given me a little comfort towards the end of my first labour, was completely excluded from the second labour. The epidural was given as a reason not to let him in.

Yours sincerely,
Abigail Mozley,
35 Woodlane,
Falmouth,
Cornwall.

Dear Spare Rib,

I was interested in Kathleen Tynan's article but feel that the answer to the problem of the suffering which most women undergo in childbirth is not to be found in this method of analgesia alone.

Although delivery is painless by this method, childbirth may still be an unpleasant experience since the mother is still often regarded as an object — a stupid one at that. She may still feel

very frightened.

My son was delivered under epidural analgesia and, although I felt no physical pain during the actual delivery, I suffered the most excruciating pain in contractions before the epidural began to take effect. (This may be because the decision to administer epidural analgesia was only taken quite late in labour when I arrived at the hospital and they discovered I would have a breech birth.) In spite of the ultimate lack of pain during the delivery I hated the experience and only remember it with horror. I felt a failure. All congratulations at the end were for the doctor. I felt as if I was superfluous, my only role being that of a nuisance. The doctor's explanations were only for the group of staring students who, I know, do have to learn. Dangers to the baby in this position were discussed.

Although I felt no pain I was frightened and humiliated. Drugs are just part of the answer.

Yours,
Kathryn Woodward,
13 St James' Avenue,
Nr. Sheffield.

Secretaries

Dear Spare Rib,

No man really needs a secretary. He can swiftly master his elegant typewriter, and when he is called away from the office, he can switch on his cute little answerphone machine, squeezing his cuddly dictaphone close to him to keep him company on his travels.

Then, as darkness falls, stimulated by his day's activities, he can repair to a barem composed of secretaries made redundant by his self-sufficiency, who can provide instant gratification of a less mechanised nature, though of course at salaries commensurate with their age and past experience.

Yours faithfully,
A. Secretary.

Can't put my address — if the boss knew I'd written to you I'd be for the high jump — and besides, I'm very attached to him!

Dear Spare Rib,

Does M/s Coote really believe that all secretaries are bird-brained, fluffy little creatures, or is she speaking from her own personal bitter experience? Surely such generalisations are dangerous — like labelling all ladies in petal hats as W.I. members, and all neurotic, aggressive bra-less women as Women's Lib advocates?

I have been a secretary for seven years, and although I am not fat, frumpy or middle-aged, certainly do not consider that I was accepted for a job just because I have reasonable legs and blonde hair. Nor have I been made to feel like a status symbol or even a sex-fantasy-object, but more a valued member of a team whose opinions, criticisms and thoughts are taken into consideration.

And surely no-one in their right mind would dream of answering an ad for an ugly, middle-aged secretary. Most people consider themselves reasonably attractive — can you really imagine any woman admitting to those unflattering qualities, whatever her age?

A great many secretaries are intellectually equal, or superior, to their bosses (male or female), and there are plenty of intelligent girls around who would willingly sacrifice the opportunity of being under-employed ego-booster to balding, paunchy semi-redundant executives, for the chance of an interesting job offering involvement, responsibility and job satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,
Angela Denham
Dymocke House
Oxford

Mistakes

Dear Spare Rib,

I enjoy your magazine and think some of the articles are excellent, but can I please ask you to get a better proof reader. There are a number of spelling and typesetting mistakes and for the unfortunates like myself who notice them, these severely interrupt the pleasures of reading.

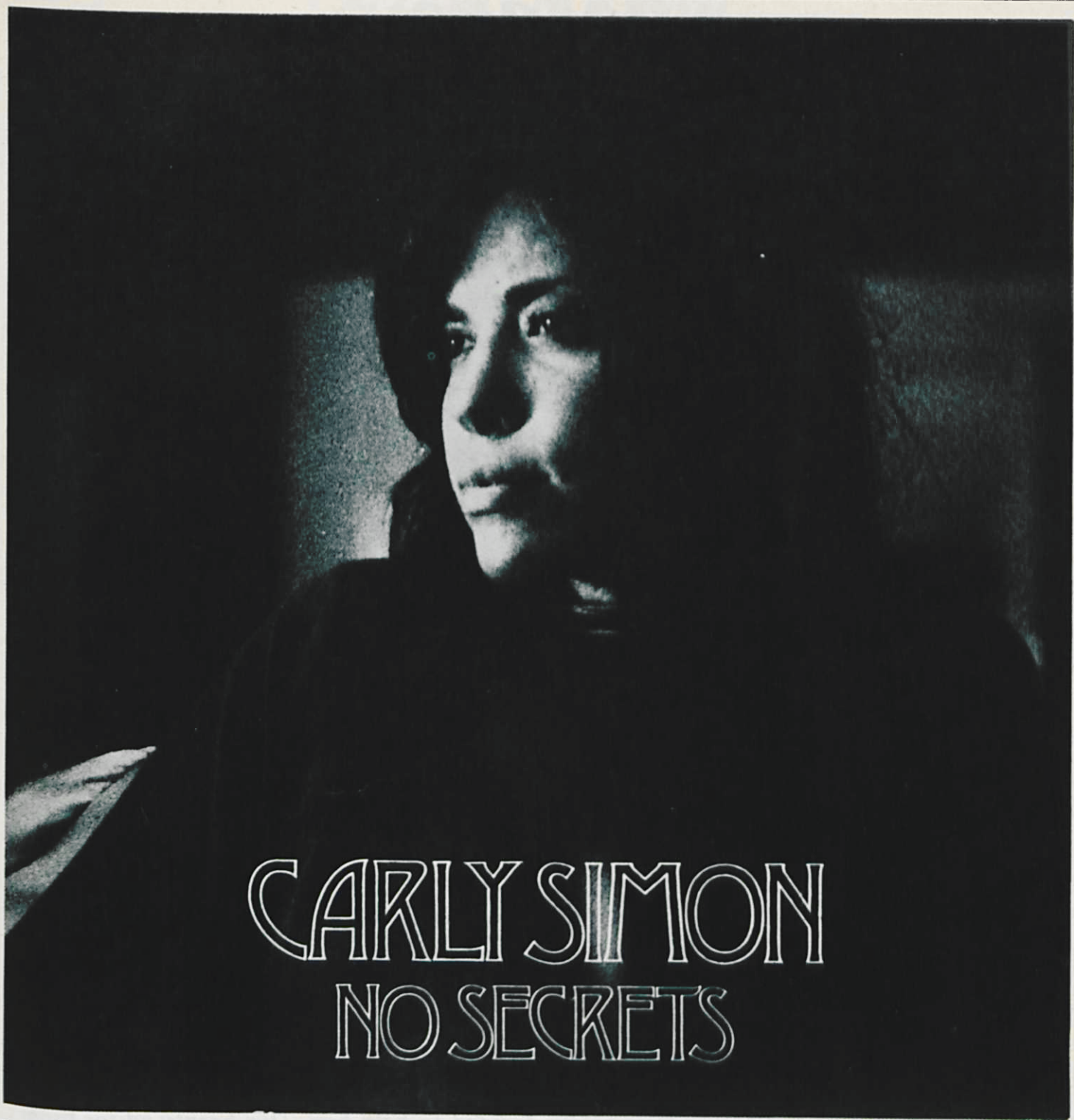
Yours sincerely,
Brenda Barrett,
40 Warrington Cres,
London W.9

We are attempting to work out a more systematic way to prevent such mistakes, but are very open to any suggestions — Rose Ades.

Dear Spare Rib,

A great magazine. I am appalled at how much of life I accept without question. Once the questions are asked — it is like Niagara. Keep right on asking them. We'll find the answers!

Yours, in admiration
Naomi Hoare
The Provost's House
St Donats Castle
Llantwit Major
Glamorgan



CARLY SIMON

NO SECRETS



'Carly Simon'



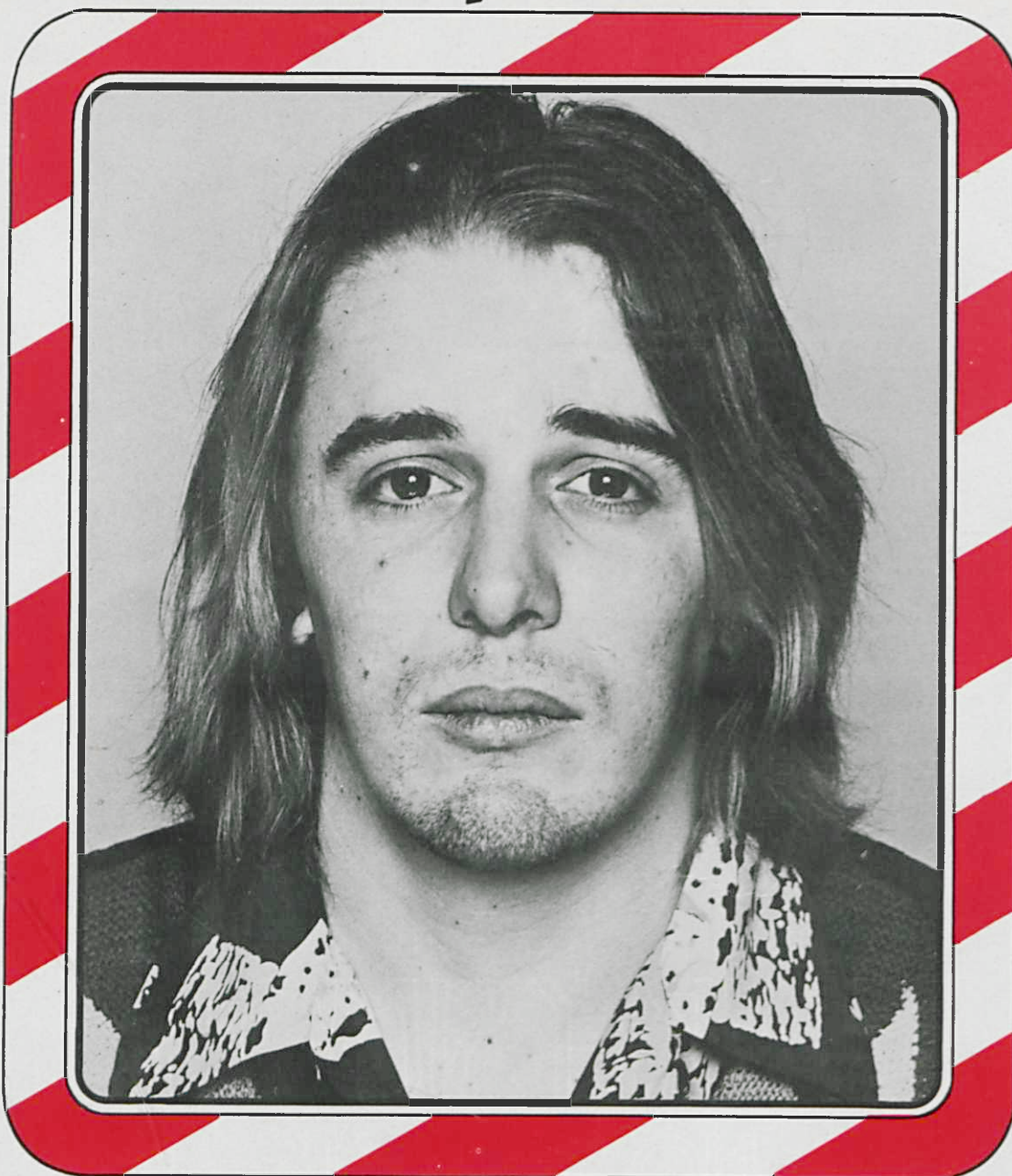
'Anticipation'



New album 'No Secrets'



before



Michael Ramsden, young Australian artist, was about to leave London, where he's staged two exhibitions, for his first one-man show in Melbourne. He was nervous about returning to the land of the sun-bronzed hero so we decided to help him. Our beauty editor took him in hand and now Michael's new look has given him the confidence to face his mother, his friends and the picture-buying public back home. Photographs by Roger Perry

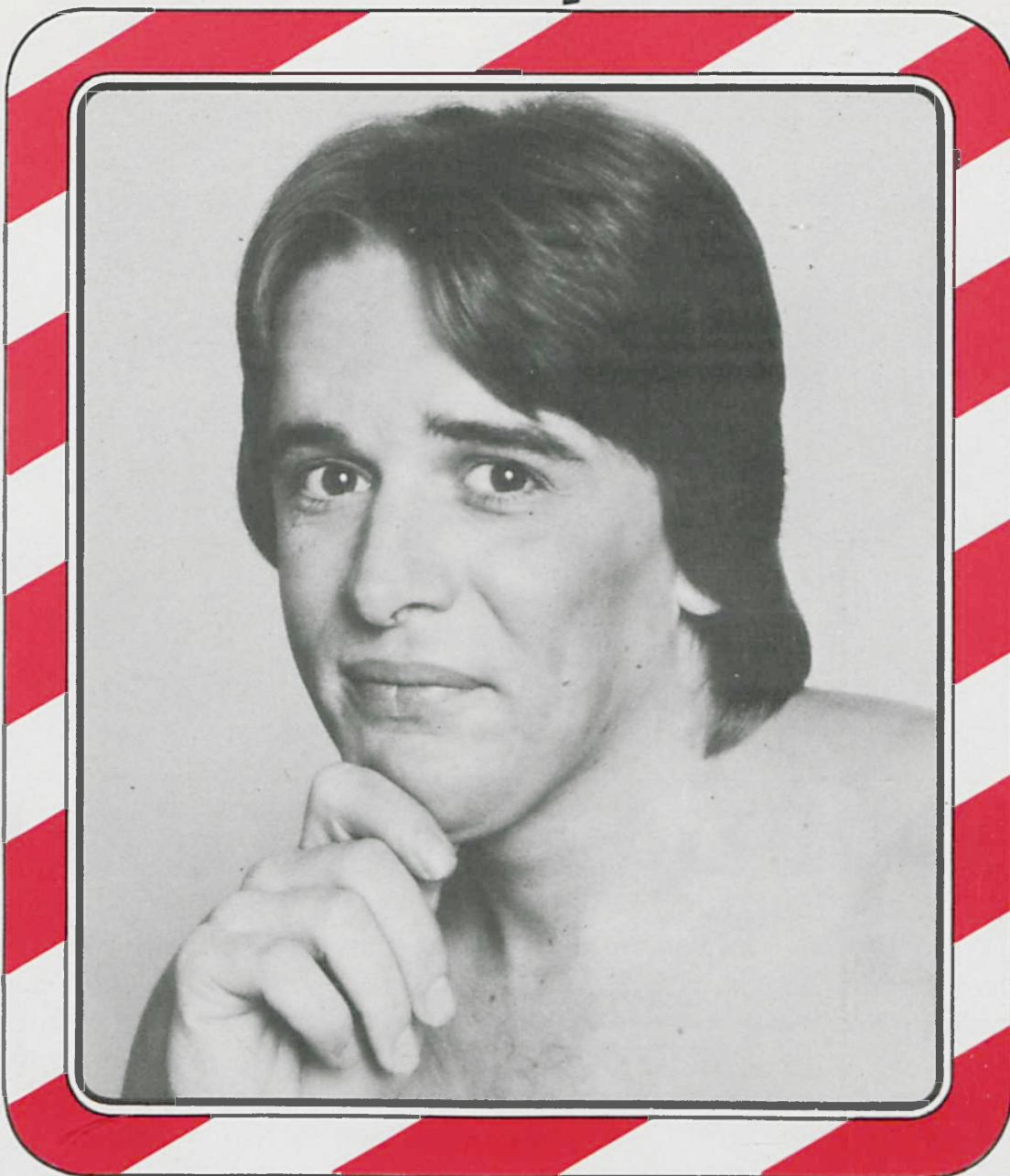
michael as he was: hair parted in the middle, hanging lank and out of shape. About four inches of dark roots and about two inches of blonde tips, 'I had it cut very short, bleached and rinsed flamingo pink for some crazy exhibition I did about nine months ago.' After a couple of shampoos the rinse washed out — and then the bleached bit grew out. His complexion was pale and kind of dingy, a few spots and one day's growth because he'd looked in the mirror that morning and felt just too depressed to shave.

We began the transformation in the potted palm splendour of Crimpers' Hampstead salon. Michael Strum, one of their top stylists, assessed the damage and then Michael disappeared with assistant Adrian to slip into a pretty cotton shift, that wasn't quite built with broad masculine shoulders like his in mind. He re-appeared and then disappeared again to be shampooed. The cut had to be both functional and flattering. 'Nothing poofy; and short at the front so it

doesn't fall in my eyes when I'm painting.' Michael Strum pondered for a couple of minutes and then started cutting, shaping it into shorter layers at the front that graduated into longer layers at the back. The scissors bit took about 45 minutes, which seemed slow — until the blow drying started and that took well over an hour. Michael was visibly wilting at the end of it, but the results were terrific, all those tatty blond ends gone, and a cut that was virtually indestructible; however he shook his head, it just fell back into place. (Cut and blow dry by Michael of Crimpers costs £5)

Then onto the second important stage — the face. Back to the studio where Cherry, make-up artist from Almay was waiting. Despite the ballyhoo and 'whatever next' palava that goes on every time a new after shave is launched ('And What's that' said Cherry 'but scented astringent') there's surprisingly little make-up about for men. We chose Almay, usually thought of as a girl's range, for several reasons, not the least being because we

and after



like it; the second because it's hypo-allergenic, and the third because it comes in plain, unpretentious packaging that no man would be embarrassed to bring out of his handbag in public.

Hypo-allergenic means they've screened out as many known irritants as is humanly possible — 60 in fact — and that includes perfume which means that he won't stink of Lilly of the Valley or June Roses either.

First Michael shaved and then Cherry double cleansed his face with Deep Mist Cleansing Lotion (65p) and then toned with Skin Tonic (65p) 'If only guys would look after their skin like women do' she said 'they'd look so much better — just compare *their* skins with ours' she went on pointing at the photographer, Michael and Adrian the hairdresser. 'If they used just a moisturiser, it would soften their skins and make shaving so much easier.'

Last but not least in the skincare treatments came an Almay Five Minute Face Mask (70p), that draws out impurities, tightens up pores, stimulates circulation and leaves the skin tingling like mad. Deep Mist Extra Moisture Guard for dry dry skins (90p) was then smoothed on, followed by Under Eye Cover Cream (65p), a pale cream that blends away dark shadows under the eyes and covers blemishes.

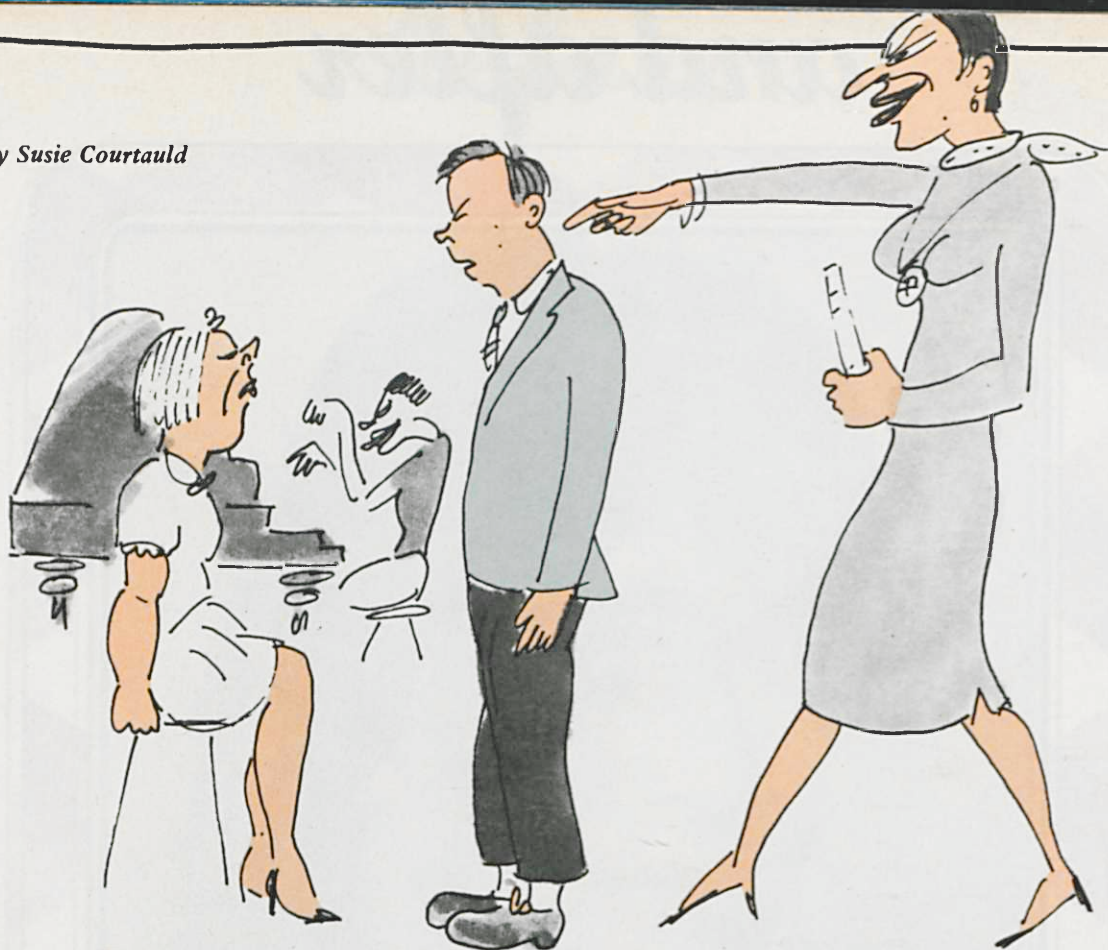
At last the skin was ready and primed for the moment we'd all been waiting for — a coating of suntanned health. Cherry used Near Nude Bronzing Gel (65p) applied with a damp sponge

'It's not a cream, and it's not a stain, it just sinks into the skin and looks like natural healthy colour.' Hush Blush (£1.10) a powder blusher in Cinammon — a brickey red — was then fluffed onto his already high cheekbones, to give more shape plus glow, and Hush Blush in Tawny was fluffed along the jaw bone to minimise the rather heavy look it gets when Michael lets his chin droop.

'Oo he's got lovely long lashes' said Cherry when she got to the eye make-up. 'Only they're blonde at the tips which is why ordinarily you don't notice them. This will make all the difference' she went on gleefully, brandishing the mascara wand (75p), at which point Michael got incredibly neurotic and started blinking like mad. Cherry, never at loss for a make-up trick, coped with this hazard by slipping some paper under his lower lashes to blot up the inevitable smudges. Brush-One Eye brow Colour in brown was then brushed on eyebrows to smooth and neaten them — Cherry hesitated a little about plucking and then decided that they didn't really need it.

To finish we put some colour and gloss on his mouth, blended well so it didn't look like lipstick, using Double Decker Colour n'Gleam in Coffee Bean (90p) Very sexy, in fact.

Michael looked in the mirror and couldn't quite believe the metamorphosis. £13.05 worth of new man. 'Is that smooth, confident, suntanned young guy really me?' he said.



SCHOOL DAZE SEXUALITY

Derek Blunn describes the sexual tension between the boys and the girls during his early school life in the North of England. He focuses on the muddled way he and his friends received their sexual education, the guilt aroused by parental authority, and the competitive relationships amongst his school mates. His frank story shows how important it is to investigate the early conditioning of school children into sexual roles that will map out and dominate their future. It was included in a paper he presented at Ruskin College History Workshop, Oxford, last year on 'Streaming and Authority in Education'.

Boys and girls at W. seemed quite aware of the physical differences between them. At an early age they would be looking for steady friends of the opposite sex. I had a girl friend at 9 then another one or two up to 11, in primary school. When I moved to W. the relationships were for real, some of the boys and girls convinced they had found the love of a lifetime in this or that steady partner.

The girls usually tried to find an older boyfriend since this was a status symbol amongst friends of their own age. The boys didn't attach a similar importance to age (although the girls should not be too young) so the girls weren't very successful in their pursuit. This had a very disconcerting effect. We used to think there must be something deficient about us and longed for the day when we grew up and the girls fancied us. The paradox was that, once grown up, we still fancied girls who were more or less unattainable. Consequently, we couldn't wait to grow up some more.

The girls fancied older boys who stood out for one reason or another. Either they were the roughest and toughest, or they were the brainiest. There were very few brainy kids at W. so the toughest were the ones to shine. The school had an aura of violence from the headmaster down. It was the orientation of a school full of dead-end kids.

The girls started to develop at about the age of 13. Physical maturity was the standard by which the boys judged the girls, so those with large breasts were the only ones the older boys would take any notice of. Although quite a few stories used to circulate, there was little opportunity for a boy to take one of these girls

out and boast to his mates that he had 'made' her. These tales were figments of the boys' imagination, attempts to build up their prowess. The well developed girls used to allow little gropes to different boys in the quadrangle. It was deemed well done if the boy managed to put his hand on the girl's breast.

The only chance the boys and girls had of meeting in a physical way during school time was when the weather was very bad and we played in the gym — the girls would play netball and the boys football. It led to quite a bit of showing off by both sexes. The girls in knickers and blouses, the boys wearing football shorts and shirts, not being able to keep their eyes off each other.

Swearing was a way of showing off one's masculinity. It was quite common for this to be used to impress girls, and for some girls to use it to impress the boys with their maturity. One girl, small compared to the others, used to try and make up for her physical handicap by swearing quite openly, being aggressive, as awkward as possible to teachers. She was one of the few girls to be punished by caning while I was at W. She was in a group of about three others who lived near her, all alike, girls who attached themselves to a gang of boys also living in the same area and who tended to be gang girls later on. I lived about three miles away so I didn't have the opportunity to link up with them although I was quite friendly with a lot of the boys who also made up the school football team for which I played occasionally.

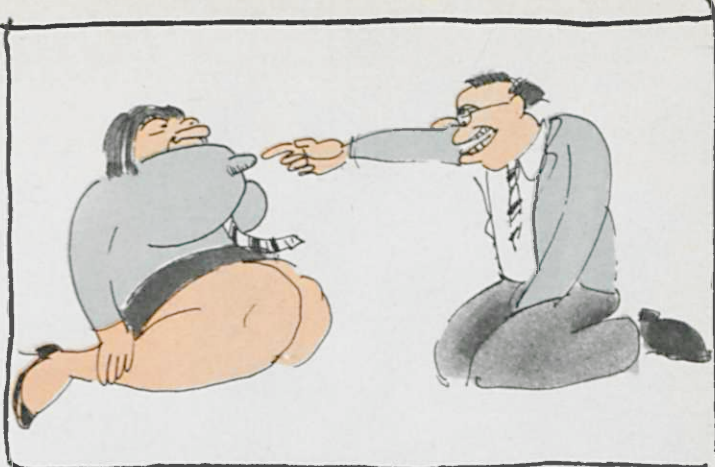
We did have some form of sex instruction at school. The boys were taught by the gardening teacher, the girls by the biology teacher who was a woman. My immediate impression was that sex

was bound up with pollination and plants although I already knew the basics — sex being discussed amongst the boys at an earlier period and through to this one, ad nauseum. My parents had never told me anything about sex. At about 9 or 10 it had already become a taboo subject because of the bits and pieces I'd picked up from fellow class mates. I would feel uncomfortable if something came on the telly from which it could even remotely be construed that I knew anything about the subject; I'd try not to laugh at jokes with double meanings told by aunts and uncles at family functions. A sort of secret cult developed amongst us kids when we could have a giggle about some of the jokes and the ways we managed to fool our parents.

I remember when the only word I knew to describe sexual intercourse had four letters beginning with 'f'. My elder brother had been down the fields at the back of our house with a girl and he hadn't let me stay and watch. Full of revenge I'd walked home to twit on him to my mother but in the middle of telling her about the incident I suddenly got stuck on whether or not to introduce this word into the exposé. By this time it had got out of control and my father had joined in. 'Well, you know, he's, em he's ah, well he wouldn't let me watch and he's fucking her.' This episode ended with both of us being sent to bed for the afternoon and a court of inquiry being held into exactly what had happened down in the bushes. I wasn't on very good terms with my brother for some time after that.

A lot of my information came from my brother. I remember tagging along behind him and a few of his mates when they were walking to the local baths for a swim. I heard them talking about periods. I didn't know what they were so I was listening intently when my brother suddenly turned round and noticed I was there. He told me to drop back. I, of course, refused. After much consultation they agreed I could listen if I promised to keep my mouth shut. I spent the rest of the walk deeply engrossed in their conversation which ranged from their knowledge of the facts to some fictitious experiences. 'Do you know that if you play with them they start to get hard' one of them said. He wasn't referring to the nipple but to the whole of the breast. That was an illusion I was to carry for many years, until I had the opportunity for empirical observation. Their most important discussion centred around periods. I listened with wide-eyed amazement not daring to believe a word of it. I was relatively young to be hearing about such things (10 or 11) and told my mates about it at the earliest opportunity, getting quite a lot mixed up. They listened to me in awe but didn't believe me in the end.

At about the same time, before we went to W., we started to get erections. My brother told me about masturbation but, apart from a nice feeling, nothing came when I reached a climax. One night I was lying in bed worrying about this when my brother, who shared the bedroom, came in and I asked him about it. His advice was, in order to get anything to come, I had to carry on past the nice feeling until it started to hurt. I tried again with no success. There was no taboo on discussing masturbation with friends of my own age and I was relieved to discover I wasn't the only one experiencing this difficulty. At about that time we were learning to swim at the baths and would masturbate quite regularly in the dressing rooms, shouting out to one another when we had come, taking great pride in being the first. Pictures of nude women became all the rage. When I was 13 my friend and I found a book which we looked at in the tram on the way home. We still had trams in Birmingham then. The conductress found us



and confiscated the book, throwing us off the tram with all the passengers looking and tut tutting, which made it rather embarrassing.

We asked my friend's little sister to show us her vagina. She agreed and we went away down the fields to investigate the phenomenon. Unfortunately she told his parents. Both of us were too scared to go home, staying out until gone midnight, but the search parties were out and there was no escape. Sex was considered dirty only when parents became involved, and an adventure at any other time. It held a mystique, probably due to the risk of being caught. I remember a game of hide and seek we played in the woods one night. I succeeded in getting a feel of the sprouting breasts of a young girl. I was very pleased and bragged about it no end to the other lads on the way home.

In the showers after a game of football we used to discuss pubic hair. The more hair you had and the bigger your penis, the more mature you were deemed to be. The amount of hair was taken to be the amount of strength you had — no discussion about glands ever took place. I was slow to grow body hair and used to find it most embarrassing to go into the showers, even though I could hold my own with most of the lads as far as strength went and they knew it. Still I felt deficient but others who weren't so big would suffer unmercifully. If you could grow a moustache (which wasn't allowed) that was a point in your favour. There was one fat lad with a small penis. He was bad at games, couldn't run at all, and looked quite revolting when he was stripped. He used to come under fire from everyone. I suppose they were glad they weren't him.

Sometimes the school ran dancing lessons with the girls in the assembly hall. The girls sat one side and the boys the other, while the male and female physical training teachers showed the kids the steps. When it was the kids' turn to try, everybody had to go and choose a partner. The teachers often forced the shyer boys by dragging the unwilling beaus to the nearest girl who hadn't been chosen. These girls were usually the more studious type, perhaps from a slightly better social background than the one from which the advanced boys tended to come. About 20% of the boys fell into the 'advanced' category. The forward boys would rush over to try and grab the more attractive girls. But half the boys ambled over to the girls, trying to show they didn't care. During the lesson the boys who had been positively reluctant to choose a girl would become so humiliated they often swung round the other way. Having established that they initially didn't care, they were quite keen to show they weren't scared of the girls, otherwise they'd be branded as someone afraid of the opposite sex. Once the boys selected a partner they would stick with her for the rest of the dancing period. A few more adventurous boys, foiled in their first selection, would try a second and maybe a third time, to get the girl they fancied. After too much trying they would pack it in, in case they looked foolish.

In the whole of society we are brought up to a division of labour between the sexes. Girls are given dolls to play with and boys are given motor car toys. No one thinks boys would like to play with dolls and girls would rather play with cars. This is further enforced at school. At W. the boys and girls had separate playgrounds, girls were taught domestic science while the boys took gardening, biology was taught separately after about 14, sports were done separately. All oriented towards a division between the sexes. ★





A fashion plate from the period in which, for some reason or other, I first saw Camille. Now I always see her like that.

The waterfront along which G was drowned.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING DO YOU, MR. JONES?'

Allen Jones has a high artistic reputation for his paintings and sculptures of women (and he makes a pretty good living out of them). They are erotic, startling, fantastic and inspired the cafe female figures in the filmed version of 'The Clockwork Orange'. Laura Mulvey suggests his work is not about women at all, but illustrates Allen Jones' male fears. Now read on.

'To decapitate = to castrate. The terror of the Medusa is thus a terror of castration that is linked to the sight of something. The hair upon the Medusa's head is frequently represented in works of art in the form of snakes, and these once again are derived from the castration complex. It is a remarkable fact that, however frightening they may be in themselves, they nevertheless serve actually as a mitigation of the horror, for they replace the penis, the absence of which is the cause of the horror. This is a confirmation of the technical rule according to which a multiplication of penis symbols signifies castration.' Freud, 'The Medusa's Head'.

In 1970 Tooth's Gallery in London held a one-man show of sculptures by Allen Jones which gained him the notoriety he now enjoys throughout the women's movement. The sculptures formed a series, called 'Women As Furniture', in which life-size effigies of women, slave-like and

sexually provocative, double as hat-stands, tables and chairs. The original of *Chair* is now in the Dusseldorf home of a West German tycoon, whose complacent form was recently photographed for a Sunday Times article, sitting comfortably on the upturned and upholstered female figure. Not surprisingly, members of Women's Liberation noticed the exhibition and denounced it as supremely exploitative of women's already exploited image. Women used, women subjugated, women on display: Allen Jones did not miss a trick.

Since 1970 Allen Jones's work has developed and proliferated in the same vein. His paintings and sculptures are exclusively images of women. He has won increasing international acclaim, with exhibitions in Italy, Germany, Belgium and the United States, as well as Britain. He is one of the shining properties in the stable of Marlborough Fine Art, the heaviest and most prestige conscious of the international art traders. He has expanded his interests beyond painting and sculpture proper into stage design, coffee-table books, luxury editions, film and television. The Allen Jones artistic octopus extends its tentacles into every nook and cranny where the image of woman can be inserted and spotlighted.

Familiar Woman

At first glance Allen Jones seems simply to reproduce the familiar formulas which have been so successfully systematized by the mass media.

His women exist in a state of suspended animation, without depth or context, withdrawn from any meaning other than the message imprinted by their clothes, stance and gesture. The interaction between his images and those of the mass

media is made quite explicit by the collection of source material which he has published. *Figures* is a scrapbook of cuttings, out of magazines, both respectable (*Nova*, *Harpers Bazaar*, *Life*, *Vogue*, *Sunday Times* supplement, etc) and non-respectable (*Exotique*, *Female Mimics*, *Bound*, *Bizarre*, etc). There are also postcards, publicity material, packaging designs and film stills (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *Barbarella*, *What's New Pussycat?*). *Projects*, his second book, records sketches and concepts for stage, film and TV shows, including *Ob Calcutta!* and Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange* (some unfinished) and includes more source material as an indication of the way his idea developed. By publishing these clippings Allen Jones give vital clues, not only to the way he sees women, but to the place they occupy in the male unconscious in general. He has chosen images which clearly form a definite pattern, which have their own

The nearer the female figure is to nakedness, the more flamboyant the distraction. The only example of frontal nudity in his work, a sketch for *Ob Calcutta!*, is a history of knickers, well-worn fetishist items, in which the moment of nakedness is further retrieved by the fact that the girls are carrying billiard cues and an enormous phallus is incorporated into the scenery. In the source material, a girl from *Playboy* caresses a dog's head on her lap; another, on the cover of a movie magazine, clutches an enormous boa constrictor as it completely and discreetly entwines her. Otherwise there is an array of well-known phallic extensions to divert the eye: guns, cigarettes, erect nipples, a tail, whips, strategically placed brooches (Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*), a parasol, etc. and some, more subtle, which depend on the visual effect of shadows or silhouettes.

round the girls' thighs, which doubles openly, in one case, as a fetter. The most effective fetish both constricts and uplifts, binds and raises, particularly high-heeled shoes, corsets or bras, and, as a trimming, high neck bands holding the head erect.

visual vocabulary and grammar. The popular visuals he reproduces, go beyond an obvious play on the exhibitionism of women and the voyeurism of men. Their imagery is that of a fetishism. Although every single image is a female form, not one shows the straight female genitals. Not one is naked. The cunt (yoni) is always concealed, disguised or supplemented in ways which distract attention from it. *The achievement of Allen Jones is to throw an unusually vivid spotlight on the contradiction between woman's fantasy presence and real absence from the male unconscious world.* The language which he speaks is the language of fetishism, which speaks to all of us every day, but whose exact grammar and syntax we are usually only dimly aware of. Fetishistic obsession reveals the meaning behind popular images of women.

It is Allen Jones's mastery of the language of 'basic fetishist' that makes his work so rich, and compelling. His use of popular media is important not because he echoes them stylistically (pop art) but because he gets to the heart of the way in which the female image has been requisitioned, to be re-created in the image of man. The fetishist image of women has three aspects, all of which come across clearly in his books and art objects. First: woman plus phallic substitute. Second: woman minus phallus punished and humiliated, often by woman plus phallus. Third: woman as phallus. Women are displayed for men as figures in an amazing masquerade, which expresses a strange male underworld of fear and desire.

Woman plus phallic substitute

Women without a phallus have to undergo punishment by fetish objects ranging from tight shoes and corsetry, through rubber goods to leather and torture. Here we can see the *sadistic* aspect of male fetishism, but it still remains fixated on objects with phallic significance. An ambiguous tension is introduced within the symbolism. For instance, a whip can be simultaneously a

In *Projects* the theme of punishment can be seen in the abandoned plan for the milkbar in the film of *Clockwork Orange* (infinitely more subtle in detail than the kitsch design Kubrick finally used for the movie). The waitress is dressed from neck to fingertip to toe in a rubber garment with an apron, leaving only her buttocks bare, ready for discipline, while she balances a tray to imply service. The same theme can be traced in his women as furniture sculptures and, in *Figures*, the background to these is made clear. Gesture, bodily position and clothing are all of equal importance. *Hat Stand* is based on the crucial publicity still from *Barbarella*, which unites boots, binding, leather and phallic cache-sexe, in the image of a girl captive who hangs ready for torture, her hands turned up in a gesture which finally become the hat peg. A similar design for a hors d'oeuvre stand derives from a Vargas drawing of a waitress who sums up the spirit of service and de-personalization.

substitute phallus and an instrument of punishment. Similarly, the high heel on high-heeled shoes, a classical fetishist image, is both a phallic extension and a means of discomfort and constriction. Belts and necklaces, with buckles and pendants, are both phallic symbols and suggest bondage and punishment. The theme of *woman bound* is one of the most consistent in Allen Jones's source material: at its most vestigial, the limbs of pin-up girls are bound with shiny tape, a fashion model is loaded with chains, underwear advertisements, especially for corsets, proliferate, as do rubber garments from fetishistic magazines. Waists are constricted by tight belts, necks by tight bands, feet by the ubiquitous high-heeled shoe. For the TV show illustrated in *Projects* Allen Jones exploits a kind of evolved garter of black shiny material

Another aspect to the theme of punishment is that the subject phallus-less woman should suffer spanking and humiliation at the hands of the man-woman, the great male hope. Characterized in Eneg's drawings for *Bound* (reproduced in *Figures*) by tight

references of woman to man and subjects her form to further masculinization.

His previous work preserved the normal scale of the female body physically, although it distorted it symbolically. *Männer Wir Kommen* contains some imagery of this kind: *Homage to Harley* uses the motorcycle and the nozzle in their classic roles as phallic extensions, with the women in natural proportion to them. (Women clad in black bands around their thighs, boots and bound necks). But by far the most striking image is that of the entire figure of one girl, shrunk in scale though symbolically erect, superimposed as a phallic substitute on the tight black shiny shorts of another. A series of freeze-frames from the show, female manikins strategically poised, makes Allen Jones's point blindingly clear.

More close-ups in the television sketch carry the female body further into phallic suggestion. Girls supporting a boxing-ring like human pillars have bared breasts divided by a shiny pink material fastened to their necks. A single frame, from breast to neck only, gives the breasts a look to testicles with the pink material functioning as a penis. Female bodies and fragments of bodies are re-deployed to produce fantasy male anatomies. A similar emphasis on breasts divided by a vertical motif can be seen in the source material: the torture harness in the *Barbarella* still, Verushka's single-strap bikini in a fashion photograph. There is a strong overlap between the imagery of bondage and the imagery of woman as phallus built into fetishism. The body is unified to a maximum extent into a single, rigid whole, with an emphasis on texture, stiffness caused by tight clothing and binding, and a general restriction of free movement.

belt, tight trousers, mask and constricted neck (while a female woman carries a soon-abandoned handbag), the man-woman emerges with full force of vengeance in *Projects* as Miss Beezley in *Homage to St. Dominic's* ('to be played by a 7 foot woman — or a man would do. With 6 inch platform heels "she" would be 18 inches taller than the school "girls"').

And again in *The Playroom* (another abandoned stage project) where the transvestite owner, 'an elderly "woman"' chases the children. A whole series of paintings show sexually ambiguous images in which a man walks into female clothing to become a woman or male and female legs are locked as one.

Woman as phallus

Finally, in *Männer Wir Kommen*, a show for West German Television, which is illustrated in *Projects* by stills, notes and sketches, Allen Jones adds yet another dimension to his use of fetishistic vocabulary. The close-ups and superimpositions possible on television give him the chance to exploit ambiguities of changed scale and proportion. The spectator is stripped of normal perceptual defences (perspective, normal size relationships) and exposed to illusion and fantasy on the screen. As sections of the female body are isolated from the whole and shown in close-up, or as the whole body shrinks in size and is superimposed on a blown-up section, Allen Jones develops even further the symbolic

In *Figures* there is a consistent theme of women as automata, with jerking, involuntary, semaphore movements, suggestive of erection of the phallus. These automata often have rhythmic movements (Ursula Andress dancing in a series of stills, like an animated doll, the Rockettes, Aquamaid water-skiers in Florida), uniforms in which the conception of duty and service is combined with strictness and rigidity (for instance, a cutting from the *Daily Express* in which 'Six Model Girls Step Smartly Forward For Escort Duty') and, most important of all, the stiffness induced by wearing tight clothes which

constitute a second slithery skin (rubber garments transforming the body into a solid mass from fingertip to toe, one-piece corsets, synthetic garments ranging from perspex to nylon). An identification develops between the phallus and woman herself. She must be seen in her full phallic glory.

What is fetishism

To understand the paradoxes of fetishism, it is essential to go back to Freud. Fetishism, Freud first pointed out, involves displacing the sight of woman's imaginary castration onto a variety of reassuring but often surprising objects — shoes, corsets, rubber goods, belts, knickers, etc — which serve as signs for the lost penis but have no direct connection with it. For the fetishist, the sign itself is the subject of his fantasy — whether actual fetish objects or else pictures or descriptions of them — and in every case it is the sign of the phallus. It is man's narcissistic fear of losing his own phallus, his most precious possession, which causes shock at the sight of the female genitals and the fetishistic attempt to disguise or divert attention from them.

A world which revolves on a phallic axis constructs its fears and fantasies in its own phallic image. In the drama of the male castration complex, as Freud discovered, women are no more than puppets; their significance lies purely in their lack of penis and their star turn is to symbolize the castration which men fear. Women may seem to be the subjects of an

WELL.....'

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Whose bloody battle?

Did you know there was a cleaners' strike in Oxford — of all places? St Anne's College the scene of industrial action, by Mandy Merck

It was billed (albeit briefly) in the national press as 'The St. Anne's Scouts strike.' Rather a women's issue, one might think, when twenty-five female 'scouts' (Oxbridge jargon for cleaners) depart the august precincts of Oxford's largest women's college, leaving some 260 resident students, plus thirty-odd fellows, lecturers, researchers and administrators, to clean up after themselves. But female comment on the situation has been decidedly thin. In all my press cuttings on the strike, a woman—in that case an undergraduate supporting the strike—is quoted only once. Admittedly, press communiqués aren't everything. But whose bloody battle was it?

To feed, clean for, and maintain its members, personnel and facilities, St. Anne's College employs an estimated staff of seventy-six. I say 'estimated' because the college authorities either do not have, or will not release, the correct figure. When questioned about this the College Treasurer, Bernard Halstead, couldn't give me a total number, and suggested that the union estimate of 76 'might have been a bargaining unit' based on related rates of pay and conditions.

Out of the estimated seventy-six, thirty-six women, working between 18 and 32 hours a week, clean college residences and offices. An average scout might begin work at 8:30 am, 5 days a week, with an additional 2 hours on Saturday morning. Until last April, St. Anne's paid their scouts 25p an hour plus a contribution to their bus fares, to do this. Not surprisingly, the rates for teaching in the college exceed this (up to £5,000 per annum). But so do the lowest rates paid to local authority cleaners (42p an hour). Although many of the scouts live in outlying areas, necessitating bus fares of up to 20p a day, the college has been reducing its fare payments since 1969. The



Wet scouts on the picket line of St. Anne's College

'This picket line has got to be maintained. Now, we're accepting your help if you offer it. We made this quite clear at the start. But we are not going to be dictated on the method of operation. You must make up your own minds. But this is our bloody battle. We will control it.'—Tony Cross, Oxford University Branch Secretary of the National Union of Public Employees, speaking to students.

'I do not know that it would help any cause that I believe in at any rate if I were to burn my waistcoat! What is needed is the sort of work that you are doing. It is the sustained, persistent determination of trade union women that will bring about a greater measure of equality, and a greater recognition of women's rights and men's rights, and children's rights, and human rights.'—Vic Feather, TUC General Secretary, addressing the 42nd annual TUC Women's Conference, 1972.

'The very structure of the unions puts women off. All those rules and regulations and having to talk at meetings and having meetings at night when we are putting our children to bed and washing up often confirm to us that we are just not up to scratch. Certainly very few women in jobs or out of them feel the union can represent them as women who have not an 8-hour but at least a 16-hour day.'—Selma James, *Women, the Unions, and Work*.

authorities do stress, however, that the base rate of pay has been increased. Correspondingly?

A so-called pay offer

Last April, the college announced a '12½% pay rise.' Henceforth scouts would be paid at the rate of 28p per hour, but payment towards fares would drop to a maximum of 5p per day. A rise? Over to Tony Cross, scout at St. John's College and secretary of the local branch of the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE): 'a so-called pay rise, it meant tuppence a day less to some women.' And more important to many was the betrayal of confidence begun in '69. Free bus fares had been a cherished perk, not least because it was the only item of pay related to the actual cost of something. Treasurer Halstead himself admitted that the bus fares were no longer paid by the college because 'they were beyond our control.'

The National Union of Public Employees (which recently celebrated becoming 'the first British union to enroll more than a quarter of a million women members') recruits in the local government, health services, water supply and university fields. At the time of writing, NUPE is officially recognized by only two Oxford men's colleges, although it claims members in 20 others. It is not easy to organize small, separated units of poorly-educated, low-paid workers. Especially when they've never been in unions before.

An anonymous male scout was recently quoted in the University magazine: 'They're (the students) nicer than they used to be. They'll actually talk to you—pass the time of day and so on. A lot of them never used to.' Still, the men occupy the upper end of the scouts' pay scale (up to 48p an hour). And two men's colleges, with their larger proportions of male staff, are

the first to recognize a union. Multiply the forces which militate against them by 'X' ('Women aren't breadwinners; they work for pin money; they don't know anything about union organization; it's not dignified for women to picket'—a lament of some of the *striking* scouts at St. Anne's), and it's not surprising that the St. Anne's strike was set off, led, disputed, and settled by men.

scouts' honour

The catalyst was a college maintenance man named Frank Keen. A former lorry driver and T.G.W.U. member, Keen has worked at St. Anne's for 3½ years. When the April 'payrise' was announced, the scouts were put in touch with NUPE by sympathetic undergraduates. Branch Secretary Cross spoke to a meeting of interested staff within the college, and Keen—along with many of the scouts—joined immediately. Mrs. Mavis Jones was elected shop steward, but Keen was equally, well, like the placards read, *Keen* about unionisation, and better situated to do something about it. The Vice-President of the St. Anne's undergraduates, Lucy de Groot, described Keen's activities: 'Being a maintenance man he goes round the college houses, so he's in an ideal position to keep in contact among the women. And he was doing a terrific job doing just that. He was going around, talking to them, encouraging the ones who felt that nobody was paying any attention to them, trying to get them to join the union. And he was having great success in this.' Last summer's term was further enlivened by Cross's request for union recognition in St. Anne's and a rise in scouts' pay to 50p per hour. Both were refused, with Halstead arguing that the college would recognize the union when a reasonable majority had joined. NUPE's claim to a majority of the *scouts* was to no avail. And the absence of any statistics on total staff and hours made the whole question an exercise in existential maths. The college, Lucy de Groot explained, had not 'made clear what they mean by domestic staff.' Many of its part-time workers might not



Mavis Jones, scout and co-shop steward of the St. Anne's branch of the N.U.P.E.

be eligible for union membership in any case.

Came the summer vac, and Keen, by this time co-shop steward, was sacked. A dispute ensued, with Halstead claiming that rising costs unmatched by grants' increases necessitated economies. Illness had rendered Keen unable to continue his gardening duties and his handyman jobs could be shared among the other staff—as they had been before his employment. NUPE claimed victimisation, arguing that Keen was dismissed for his union activities. Conciliatory talks, attended by college authorities, union officials, and a Department of Employment officer, failed when the college refused to

show the union its books. On October 30, the college's NUPE members—now numbering about 25, including Keen and two lodge keepers—walked out.

An appeal for strike support funds at the National Women's Liberation Conference prompted a visit to the picketed college on a rainy November 8. Little bands of very wet strikers had stationed themselves around the college's three entrances, in what was to be a successful attempt to turn away lorries with mail, foodstuffs, and fuel oil for the college. A mood of formal statements and politic silence ruled the place. Keen's redundancy took priority now, with scouts' pay a related—but

subordinate—issue. (A 5 pence per hour raise did not bring the strikers back until Keen was reinstated pending arbitration.) Both sides relied on official spokesmen, with dons, students, and scouts showing very low profiles indeed. Witness this 'interview' with Shop Steward Mavis Jones, all that was permitted by Branch Secretary Cross: 'Tell me just why you're out on strike? What's your rate of pay?' '28 pence an hour. We're striking for more money and to reinstate Mr. Frank Keen, who they've given notice.' 'And why do you think they gave him notice?' 'Victimisation.' 'Why was he victimized?' 'Because he used to go round talking to the women about joining the union.'

This reserve might be explained by the fear of fledgling trade unionists to put a step wrong—or by an underling's deference to authority, or a woman's certainty that a man knows best. A relatively raw Branch Secretary himself, Cross toed the union line: 'It's gone to the national level. It's been made official. Any move from here must come from the national office. We can only wait to hear what they want.' It may not take a great deal of sophistication to see the connection between Keen's dismissal and the issue of scouts' pay, but two of the five students I talked with missed it, and mutinies—or at least profound misunderstanding of union organisation—were rumoured among the pickets. The efforts of some students to direct supportive action with tactics like mass meetings in other colleges and sit-ins, opposed by NUPE, couldn't have clarified things. Witness the rhetoric of Bob Braxton, graduate student and IMG member, in a meeting with students and union officials: 'Leaflets and the present organizational infrastructure that we have, in terms of the number of people in the number of colleges, well let's say it's not—well, it seems to me very difficult to make it qualitatively better, etc. etc.'

Perhaps the best statement of the scout's plight came from a woman, aged 65, who refused to go out on strike. Asked why she preferred to work at St. Anne's she replied: 'Prefer? I tell you the truth. I receive the retirement



Anna Livingstine, member of Women's Liberation, Somerville College and supporter of the strike, talks to shop steward, Tony Cross (right) and students about strike action.

Angela Phillips

pension, what you call the old-age pension. Well, I couldn't live on that. It's gone up now to seven pounds. So I have to go out to work.'

Frank Keen was formally reinstated on December 6. And the St. Anne's scouts have gone back to work with a 5 pence raise. Now a publicly-funded institution is employing them at the rate of 33p per hour. Plus 5 pence a day for bus fares. Whose bloody battle is it?

Santana Record/Subscription Offer

Although vast, only limited numbers of the Santana record were available to us, so we've already been compelled to send out other LP records. Now we really must bring this offer to a close. Apologies and thanks.

the female drive

Twenty more passenger bus drivers are needed in Darlington and they could be women according to the Transport and General Workers Union passenger trade group secretary Mr. Wilf Fleming.

He says 'Sex is not taken into account once anyone has passed the driving test.' This enlightened view is supported by Mr. Michael Chambers, regional secretary, who cannot understand why the town's transport manager should bother seeking talks with the union on the subject of women drivers.

'There is no need' he declared emphatically, 'the union has no objection and women drivers are well accepted in other towns.'

The only difficulty appears to be superannuation. Women manual workers can only enter the local government scheme after two years' service. Which just shows that it pays to read the small print every time.

The Watford Women's Liberation Group has changed address. If anyone wants to submit a petition to them about discrimination please send it to 9, Broadlands Avenue, Chesham, Bucks.

including articles on Tyneside Environmental Concern, Art Therapy and Jazz North. The responsibility for two pages of each issue will be given over to a local school or college as part of a policy encouraging reader participation.

'Face North' is distributed north of a line between Lancaster and Scarborough, and sells at 15p.

THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARIES ASSOCIATION

A new branch of the association which fights discrimination against secretaries is opening in February. For details of the 'official' opening contact June Tatum, 34 Chestnut Avenue, Gosfield, Nr Halstead, Essex.

THE TALICH STRING QUARTET

String Quartet in G minor, Op. 74 No 3 Haydn
Prolegomena for String Quartet (1970) K. Reiner
String Quartet No. 2 Janacek
Central Library, Bolton Saturday February 10th
Lancashire

INTERCAT

A must for all cat addicts. The second international Cat Film festival will be held on February 14th at the London Film Co-op cinema. Carla Liss who is organizing the festival, says that she is receiving so many films by cats and about cats that the festival may last for two days. All films submitted in 8mm, super 8 or 16mm will be screened and every film will receive a prize of anything from catfood to catart. Further information — 01 267 4907



ideas and images. They use sound and movement, group characterisation and individual performances, new methods and traditional ones, whichever is most appropriate to the material.

The newly-established way of life and the building of Hirothgar's castle, Heorot, unfold in a ritualistic dance and chant; the celebrations after Grendel's defeat play themselves out in a long sequence ending in calm and sleep, whereupon a woman weeping over the slaughtered men—'After this, I, after this I come', is transformed into the enraged, avenging mother—I know I come to kill after this'.

The 'freethold' aren't afraid of words; one of the most thrilling moments in the production is Beowulf's fight with the monster, a tour de force by the two actors accompanied by a passionate narration of the text by the story teller. With equal ease they switch to a modern parody of the media and their plastic personalities, and then back again to Beowulf, in his old age questioning his identity.

At the end, it isn't the hero who survives, but his story, superbly told, in one of the most exciting theatrical events I've ever taken part in.

Chris Mohr
Birmingham Arts Lab
February 8th — 10th

THE WOMEN'S LOBBY

The second reading of the Anti-Discrimination Bill takes place on February 2nd. 'The Women's Lobby' group wants you to go to the House of Commons on January 30th and support them in campaigning for the bill.

January 30th 4-6pm and support them in campaigning for the bill.

THE COST OF BEING A WOMAN

A workshop is being held on February 24th on the ways in which women are discriminated against in financial matters including Supplementary Benefits and Family Allowances. The aim of the workshop is to reach some resolutions which will form the basis of a campaign.

Ring Spare Rib for further details

Interested people contact John Clark, 30 Elm Avenue, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

SMETANA QUARTET

Formed in 1945, the quartet from Prague have a large number of excellent records to their credit. Since 1949 they have made playing from memory the basis of their performances. MacRobert Centre, University of Strirling Sunday January 28th at 7.30 pm

MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

The University Recorder Consort with Warwick Edwards bass viol present a programme of Medieval and Renaissance music. Fore Hall February 8th 1.15 pm

KINGDOM COME

The Phantom Captain as Dr. Hornberg, head and founding member of the Rochester Institute presents an illustrated lecture on pornography. Dr. H. is obviously committed; he can hardly contain himself as he describes the recent activities of his staff and students in the Institute both in the production and analysis of pornography. A true pornophile his analysis is both imaginative, penetrating and exhaustive; and on the conceptual level he shows flashes of genius. His treatment of *Bioporn* (pornography for animals) brings a new understanding to animal lovers.

Dr H. is most ably assisted in the lecture by Mr. J Brad Cutarra, head of production and catering for the Institute. Mr. Cutarra, gives professional tips for your home productions from casting to climax. Samples of his recent work at the Institute show great originality and bring a new meaning to the concept of academic freedom.

As dedicated as they are indefatigable, Dr. H. and Mr. C. try to promote intercourse with their audience on any points they might have raised during the course of their lecture.

A truly stimulating evening.

Kim Parker

teeling of a single person. Phoenix is based on material by D.H. Lawrence.

The difficulty lies in transposing Lawrence's words of the 1920s into a theatre piece of the present. Geoff Moore is interested in developing this area of theatre. People in those days led very different lives: they talked more; they didn't go to the cinema; they didn't watch television; they didn't travel so fast in cars.

It is this whole feeling of people within a certain period of time that he has tried to develop in *Phoenix*. How far this has succeeded is not easy to evaluate after just one performance. A theatre piece changes according to how audiences respond.

Paul Taylor
University Theatre, Hull February 2nd — February 3rd
Crucible Studio Theatre, Sheffield February 7th — February 10th
Gardener Centre, Brighton February 14th — February 16th

BIRMINGHAM ARTS LAB

Beyond all the spaghetti junctions lies a wasteland of rubbish sites and warehouses. One of these at the oddly precise address of 10, Summer Street, converted into Offices, workshops, projection box, auditorium, photo lab and coffee bar, is Birmingham's most exciting and informal cultural centre: the Arts Laboratory.

For the last few years, the Arts Lab has been promoting the best of modern art: exhibiting photography, painting and design; engaging experimental theatre groups; screening quality films; arranging happenings, events and discussions. Their latest incursion is into the field of experimental music, with 'Scratch Orchestra', 'AMM Music', 'Bread and Cheese' and 'Quantums P.C.' among the visiting groups last month who played spontaneously, improvisationally, electronically, politically or just jazzily.

The Arts Lab film programme will in future receive a listing alongside the Regional Film Theatres, and the current season is an example of its usual high calibre.

The Lab has to operate a membership which costs 50p per

with lovingly detailed performances by Jean-Louis Trintignant, Dominique Sanda and Stefania Sandrelli.

Ingnar Bergman's first film in English, *The Touch*, is about an American archaeologist who arrives in a small Swedish town to excavate an ancient church site. He discovers a wooden Madonna, but the statue's exposure to the light causes its decay; at the same time he embarks on a tormented affair with the wife of a local doctor. Bergman's exploration of human relationships, his deep understanding of women, has never been so subtly expressed, so violently felt, or so brilliantly incarnated by his actors: Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow and an extraordinarily powerful and much-maligned performance — Elliot Gould.

'It might have been made yesterday' Dilys Powell said joyfully about *Modern Times*, made 36 years ago, banned in Nazi Germany and Mussolini's Italy, and 'more watchable now than ever'. Its theme of man versus machine is less a political statement than a perfect vehicle for Chaplin's real genius: virtuoso displays of dazzling comic technique which shock us into laughter by their sheer skill and inventiveness. Paulette Godard, as the fiery wif, is a fitting partner.

THE CONFORMIST (X)

January 29 — 31 Basilidon
February 6 Canterbury
February 7 — 9 Horsham
February 13 — 15 Southampton
February 22 — 23 Reading
March 18 Grays

THE BUTCHER (AA)

January 25 — 27 Harlow
February 20 — 25 Norwich
February 27 — March 2 Luton
March 1 — 3 Grimsby
March 2 — 5 Bolton
March 8 — 10 Grays
March 19 — 24 Swindon

THE TOUCH (X)

February 23 — 26 Bolton
March 6 Canterbury
March 19 — 24 Harlow

MODERN TIMES (U)

January 19 — 21 Whitehaven
February 8 — 9 Reading
February 19 — 21 Doncaster

SPARE TIME

PUNCHING JUDIES

The women's street theatre group are performing a play on the theme of equal pay which is guaranteed to open the blindest eyes to the iniquities of women's position in industry. The piece was collectively written with assistance from a member of T.A.S.S.; the message is transmitted in a framework of music hall and circus themes and styles. The action is fast and lucid. The humour swings from slapstick to satire without deflecting from the seriousness of the message. Every angle of the situation is dealt with; from the mundane problems which hinder women from attending union meetings to exposing the ultimate emptiness behind the placatory phrases handed to women by employers and politicians. One of the finest scenes is Barbara Castle's tea party with the women at Dagenham—Barbara Castle is a witch in M.P.'s clothing and the brew she serves would be at home in a cauldron.

'Punching Judies' want to present the play at union meetings. Anyone interested in arranging for a performance of the most entertaining propaganda around should ring Lin at 01 289 0150 or write to 150 Elgin Avenue London W9

Touting

FACE NORTH

A new bi-monthly magazine reviewing Northern Arts and People appeared in October. Mark Featherstone-Witty, the editor, says, 'We don't see it as a finished work, but more an opportunity. Whenever possible the artists themselves will be the writers and we want the magazine to reflect the area and not ourselves.' Don't be misled by editorial modesty—the magazine is a highly finished product; the design is strong and consistent (alternative to arts glossy); the content is varied.

THE FREEHOLD

Once upon a time there were stories. The most exciting stories, like *Beowulf*, were about giants and monsters, and about the heroes who killed them. At first the stories were told or sung to an audience gathered at night, and then they were written down by poets, and because the monsters represented evil, and the heroes were the forces of good, the poems treated the battles as metaphysical conflicts, and the heroes' triumphs as moral victories.

Unfortunately, all the writing down caused the stories to become works of literature and for 1200 years the dramatic qualities of *Beowulf* were largely ignored by the theatre, for which they were ideally suited. Today, of course, we no longer believe in monsters, and so we've replaced them with war. Our heroes fight nothing more frightening than television cameras, and yet we still burden them with our collective anxiety.

These are the preoccupations in their version of *Beowulf* keeping extremely close to the original, but drawing on all known texts and sources. The hero sits and waits until it is time for him to kill the fiend, Grendel, and liberate the land of Hrothgar from death and destruction. He travels across the seas and confronts the monster, killing him in a fight from which he emerged with Grendel's arm and claw. Amid the celebrations, Grendel's mother rises to avenge her son, and this second battle is bloodier than the last. *Beowulf* again kills the monster, and retires home to sit, and wait, and when there is no more point in waiting, to remember.

Probably the most genuinely experimental of all the fringe theatre groups, the 'Freehold's' strength lies in their skill as actors, and their freedom with

CHILDREN'S ART

The Sunday Mirror National Exhibition of Children's Art at the Walker Art Gallery ends on February 7th. Don't miss it.

Liverpool

ENGLISH ARTIST POTTERS

An exhibition organized and displayed by students of the Gallery and Museum Studies Course.

Whitworth Art Gallery, University of Manchester February 17th – March 31st



ANTICIRCUS

Is the identifying name attached to any films made by non-professional film makers in Derby or Nottingham. Though an East Midlands film co-op does not exist in the sense that there is a London Co-op, there are a number of experienced film makers working on various projects with the co-operation of people who have equipment or enthusiasm. Most of the work produced is privately financed but in recent months contracts have been accepted and steps have been made towards a local agitprop group, working with community organizations. At present the main projects are a documentary on the painter Joseph Wright of Derby and a film-essay called *Occupation Handbook*, an agitprop film on factory occupations.

WRITERS IN PERSON

Bath University February 10th – February 11th
Wolverhampton Polytechnic February 13th 5.30 pm

WRITERS IN PERSON

Jeff Nuttall, Barry Hines and David Edgar talking and touring: Brighouse February 12th
Northallerton February 13th
Goole February 14th
Driffield February 15th
Malton/Norton February 16th
Skipton February 17th

FENCING

The following matches have been arranged by the Amateur Fencing Association of Great Britain International Sabre Match, City Hall Sheffield February 3rd
International Sabre Competition, University Gymnasium, Sheffield, February 4th

MOVING BEING

'Moving Being' are touring a new multi media theatre piece called *Phoenix* which incorporates text, dance, movement film projection and design. Paul Taylor describes the first performance which was held at the Birmingham Stopover (S.R. no 5.)

The most striking point about *Phoenix* is its apparent difference from previous 'Moving Being' productions. *Sun* and *Angels* were highly visual pieces dealing with abstractions. Director Geoff Moore has used *Phoenix* to explore relationships and feelings on a more personal level. He compares *Phoenix* with his other pieces in the same way that the Shostakovich String Quartet, that forms the central musical background, can be compared with a symphony. 'It has a different tone. A different much deeper understanding.'

At the same time he wanted to break away from adapting the work of several people into one production. Instead he wanted to concentrate on the work and

year, and members may bring a guest. It's not a terribly easy place to find first time round, but once located vastly repays the effort.

Chris Mohr

REGIONAL FILM THEATRES

All three of Claude Chabrol's latest films have been screened in London within weeks of one another, and it is the second of these, *The Butcher* (the other titles are *La Rupture*, and *Ten Days Wonder*) that emerges as Claude Chabrol's most accomplished film to date. A psychological thriller with a deceptively simple story and filmed in innocently lucid colour, it tells of the relationship between a schoolmistress (Stephanie Audran, better than ever) and a butcher who may or may not have committed a series of brutal murders. The events are gripping, with metaphysical undertones, and there are rich observations of small-town life (the film is dedicated to the townspeople involved).

Brilliant reports reached us from the New York Film Festival of Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Last Tango in Paris*, which stars Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider and was described as the best film ever made about sex. The inevitable long wait before it appears over here can be alleviated by seeing *The Conformist*, by Bernardo Bertolucci an earlier film by the same director. Based on Alberto Moravia's novel about Fascist Italy, it traces the career of a weak opportunist whose conformism to the regime is also an attempt to submerge his own vices. The period-20's and 30's—is fastidiously re-created.





It may look like a cover of Cosmopolitan, but look again. It is, in fact, a parody that was produced in America of everyone's favourite magazine. It was on sale on lots of new stands in the States, and most of the copies were sold to unsuspecting Cosmo fans believing it to be the latest issue.

GROUPE

A.I.M.S. (The Association for Improvements in the Maternity Services) was formed in 1960 to rouse public opinion on the subject of child birth. In Britain the standards of maternity care vary tremendously. Unnecessary suffering both mental and physical is still too common; too many babies die or are born handicapped. Better care could prevent this. A.I.M.S. aims are to provide and lobby for more midwives, home helps, further research and training of doctors and midwives. The members of A.I.M.S. feel strongly that no woman should ever be alone while in labour, and they are providing and organising this service. For further details and copies of their newsletter write to Mrs Margaret Bradley, 4, The Oaklands, Kidderminster, Worcs.

Stop Press
NUS Women's Conference
10 February. At the time of going to Press the NUS was unsure of the place. For further information contact Francis Beckett NUS
3 Endsleigh Street London
WC1 01-387 1277.

Classified

- Interior, Exterior decorators. Reliable, clean, Phone 01-226-7124.
- Lonely? Bored? The Gateway to new friendships, pen-pals, eligible marriage partners—Gateway Bureau, 5 Gibbs Close, Coventry; inexpensive, comprehensive, international, guaranteed, SAE for details.
- Instant romance or friendship without embarrassment. Our efficient, inexpensive service is guaranteed for everyone:—Write (SAE) to Gateway Bureau, 5 Gibbs Close, Coventry.
- Enjoy the benefits of ESSALEN, SHIATSU, ZONE-THERAPY and DEEP TISSUE MASSAGE. 10am–10pm. 221 5779
- CONTACTS UNLIMITED. The dating service that always pays personal attention to selecting dates that really appreciate you and your scene. Free questionnaire 01-387 8150 (24 hrs), or 2 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1.
- SAPPHO MAGAZINE written by homosexual women for all women. Monthly 30p inc. post. BCM/PETREL, LONDON WC1V 6XX. Sappho meetings first Monday every month. 7.30 pm Upstairs room, Euston Tavern, corner of Judd Street/Euston Road, NW1.
- Womens Liberation Workshop, 3 Shavers Place, SW1. (telephone 01-839 3918) ALL women welcome. Send SAE for information.
- HELP: pregnancy testing advice etc. 402 5233
- INTERIOR DESIGN. No better employment for 'job satisfaction' either working for yourself or in a studio. A well established, recognised home study course is available. Colour prospectus from Dept: SR, Rhodex International, Rhodex House, Yelverton, Devon or telephone our London number 01-242 2320.
- FEMINISM and SOCIALISM—an anthology which

takes up issues confronting the feminist movement and the kind of strategy needed for female liberation. 80p paper £2.50 boards. Obtainable from all good bookshops and from Pathfinder Press, 47 The Cut, London S.E.1. Catalogues and other titles on Womens Liberation sent on request.

●Psychotherapist (Jungian) now has vacancies, Highgate area Tel: 01-348 5593

●Room needed for an all woman band to practise in. Anywhere in the London region. Please contact Frankie at 839-3918

●Labyrinths is the first international festival of WOMEN and the ARTS. At the Roundhouse from 9–19 May 1973, a spring cavalcade launches the festival. In order to demonstrate, promote, encourage and further confidence among women in the arts by example. Donations may be made payable to: Highspence Ltd. Labyrinths Account, 212A, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. WC2.

LEGAL INFORMATION.
If any readers need legal information please write to Felicity Trusty, Spare Rib.

Classified advertising rates: 5p per word, box numbers 50p. Must be pre-paid and sent to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS. Spare Rib reserves the right to refuse classified ads. Please make all cheques and postal orders payable to Spare Ribs Ltd.

PREGNANCY TEST & INFORMATION SERVICE
Send small urine sample and fee £3.00 for reliable and strictly confidential result by first-class post (plain sealed cover). Or request free container, literature or information. GARDER LABORATORIES (H) High Road, Chigwell, Essex. Telephone: 01-500 3647.



Put a Her in your Hertz

by Anna Coote

Sister, if you ever rent a car from Hertz (though women, of course, are seldom in a position to do so) I sincerely hope you will rent it from one of their male representatives and that you will have a button missing from your coat.

Let me explain. You may have been lucky enough to miss the Hertz advertisement which appears in the national press occasionally. It shows a slightly balding man standing by a blackboard. In front of him are three young girls in mini skirts, listening attentively and taking notes. He is pointing to words on the blackboard which say: 'Hertz says Yes!' Beneath the

picture is a slogan: 'Teaching a girl about Hertz is teaching her to say Yes'. Beneath that, the smaller print declares: 'Before every new Hertz girl meets her public, she has to learn to always say Yes to a customer.'

It's easy when you work for Hertz because there's no limit to what Hertz has to offer. In fact, it takes us six weeks to fill her pretty head with all the facts and figures.

What we don't spell out in the book, we know a Hertz girl can handle naturally. We choose her because she's the kind of girl who enjoys solving all the little things that don't seem very little at the time.

Yes, I'll phone your wife to tell her you'll be late.

Yes, I'll find the briefcase you left in the car.

Yes, I'll sew the button on your coat.

The next time you want to rent a car, ask a Hertz girl. You'll see how well she's learned her lessons.'

If this has reduced you to spluttering fury, you'll understand why our women's group decided we couldn't let it go by without registering a protest.

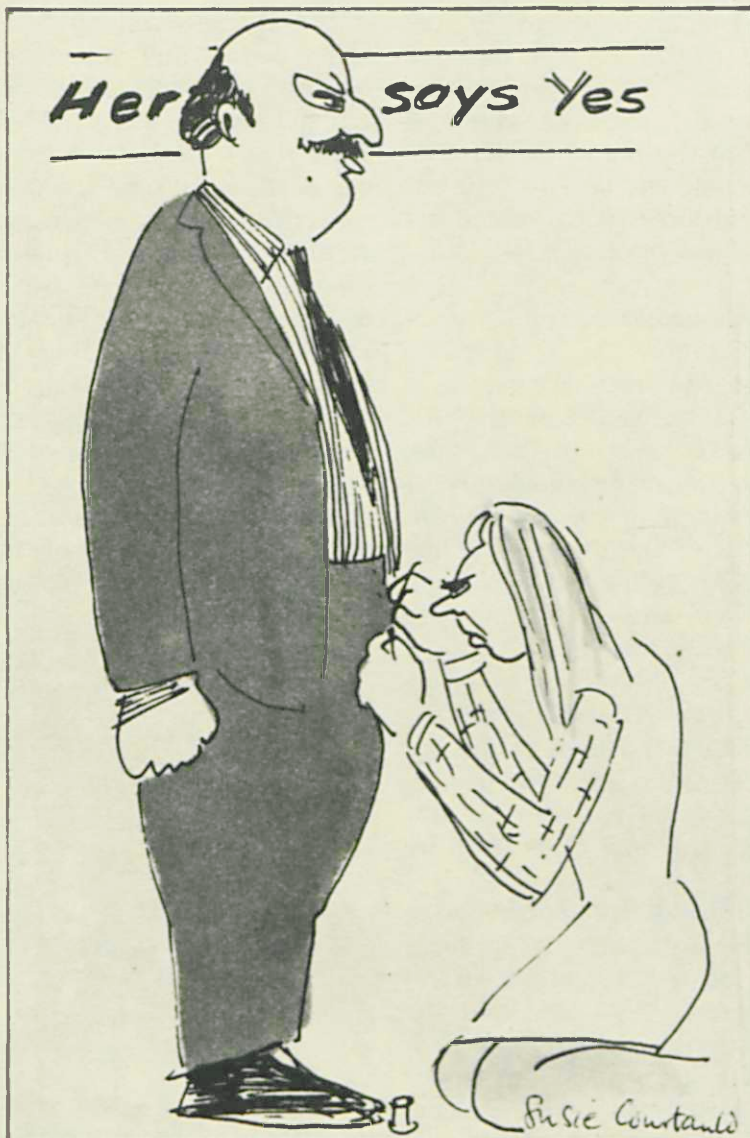
So we wrote two letters: one to the Guardian, which featured the ad regularly, and one to Hertz. We told them we took the strongest possible exception to the

advertisement and detailed our grievances: (1) the sexual overtones of 'teaching her to say Yes'; (2) the patronising implication that the Hertz girl is so stupid it takes six weeks to 'fill her pretty head', while she needs to have a totally facile concept spelled out on a blackboard; and (3) the reinforcement of the misconception that women are best suited for jobs of a servile nature. We asked the Editor of the Guardian whether he would include such ads in future. We asked the Managing Director of Hertz whether men were employed in the same job and, if so, whether they were given the same training. Ten of us signed each letter.

One week later we received a letter from G.P. Taylor, Advertising Director of the Guardian. He had taken the trouble to write us two pages, which made me suspect he hadn't been inundated with letters like ours. 'I understand', he said, 'why you take this exception and I have a great deal of sympathy with your point of view'; the Guardian probably would include such advertisements in future; it was not their policy to censor advertising. 'We believe that the advertiser should be free to advertise what he has to sell and say what he has to say within the limits of the law.' He apologised for causing us offence.

A week after that, we received a letter from Robin Crawshaw, Managing Director of Hertz. Dear Ladies, he said, he could not agree with our criticism and he wished to make these observations:

1. It is complete nonsense to suggest that the advertisement had any sexual overtones.
2. Our girls are in fact pretty, they are not dumb and the campaign slogan can only be conveyed effectively by emphasising the kind of service we expect a rental representative to perform.



3. With regard to your comment that sewing on buttons is a servile duty, I cannot agree at all. In fact, what we offer is nothing more than a helpful service to the desperate business man who is unlikely to carry needle and thread with him.

As to whether men are employed as representatives, the answer is yes. However, as far as I know, we do not employ any young ladies as mechanics or car washers, so perhaps we do succumb to the traditional 'misconception' that there are certain jobs for which our charming Hertz ladies are less well suited than their male counterparts.

In short, I believe that your objections are totally without foundation.'

See what I mean? Get the Hertz boy to sew up the neck of the boss's stuffed shirt while he's got his needle out.

The effect of our protest was not shattering. More like the blow of a butterfly's wing on the jaw of a prizefighter. The advertisement appeared in the Guardian again and again. It filled me with rage and frustration. I started wondering about Robin Crawshaw's secretary — whose existence we know of because she put 'RC/bbm' at the top of the letter — what did *she* think? How could she bear to type out such a crass rebuttal to a protest that concerned her status and dignity? What about the Hertz girls, what did they make of it all?

Then I wondered why there hadn't been a storm of letters, meetings, demonstrations — a collective uproar from all the women who must have been near to puking at the sight of that advertisement. If the women employed by Hertz have not had their consciousness raised, there must be thousands of others who reacted with varied degrees of disgust. Why didn't they do something? Our own protest had been glaringly inadequate. We didn't want to spend too much time on it, we were into other things. We thought it was enough just to say 'Boo' once.

The reason is obvious. We are all so used to having our senses assaulted this way. The Hertz ad did wallow in a particularly arrogant form of sexism, but it wasn't leagues ahead of the Bidex ad or the Barclay ad or the Access ad or the Yardley ad or the Lovable ad or the Abbey National ad. We are immunised by constant exposure to them.

So we let them by — the bared tits, the simpering smiles, the crotch shots, the coy poses — we let them by day after day. Most of the time, I suppose, we feel helpless to make any impact. We know that the Guardian can't afford to turn down quarter-page ads from Hertz, that their righteous protestations about censorship were largely irrelevant. We can see that the economy is too firmly embedded in commercial exploitation to be moved by attack on this front alone. So we tell each other how angry we are about it and leave it at that.

Meanwhile the advertising business is working overtime to reaffirm all the attitudes and traditions that keep women oppressed. Their insinuations echo

through to the Cohabitation rule, to 'men only' job advertisements, to domestic science instead of technical studies for girls at school, to unequal pay. What good will an Anti-Discrimination Act do if we are still being assailed by overt sexism every time we look at the television, newspapers and advertising bill-boards? The law can hardly scrape the surface of the problem until people's attitudes change.

No-one has seriously suggested that we legislate against sexist advertising (except in job ads). Yet think how all the liberals would be up in arms if the ad had been worded differently: 'Next time you want to rent a car, ask one of our blacks. You'll see how well they've learned their lessons'. The truth is that even if Hertz employed a first-class team of black workers, it wouldn't dare to feature it in an advertisement — not only because of the Race Relations Act, but because the idea had already been censored by public taste.

A law against exploitative advertising might help — remembering that the Guardian man said he was prepared to let the advertiser do anything that wasn't actually illegal. But what we need, of course, is to make this kind of advertising socially unacceptable. We need a fullscale campaign against every sexist concept that every adman dares to dream up — aimed at the copywriters, corporations, media and public. We need a national monitoring organisation to spot the offenders and co-ordinate protest.

The only glimmer of hope I found in our pathetic skirmish with Hertz was that both the people we wrote to found it necessary to defend themselves at some length. If the Guardian's Advertising Director had received 500 letters of protest, each threatening to stop buying the paper, he might have encouraged Hertz to drop the campaign. Optimistically, perhaps, I think we might be able to change things this way. But only together.



“



”

**What can you say
about the blues that isn't
in every word she sings.**

Bessie Smith
"Nobody's Blues But Mine"
2 record set 32 unforgettable tracks
Music History on CBS 67232.



the music people

Carmel Koerber
reviews Bessie Smith:
CBS £14.95

Many black Americans today consider the blues a humiliating reminder of the past with its plantation mentality. It has been called the music of self pity. But it did help, in those early days, both the singer and the listener to adjust to a situation over which they had no control.

If blues is the manifestation in music of the oppression of its artists, then Bessie Smith, born in impoverished conditions, ill-educated, a negro and a woman, was well equipped to earn her title of 'the world's greatest blues singer'.

With the release of 'Nobody's Blues but Mine' CBS complete their series of five double albums which encompass Bessie Smith's life's work on record.

Bessie Smith recorded 180 songs for Columbia Records from 1923 to 1933. Twenty of these have been lost but the remaining 160 make up this series.

Until 1925 recording was done acoustically, using a large conical horn instead of a microphone and quite a primitive method of transferring sound to disc. Much of Bessie Smith's output was recorded this way and many of the tracks in this series were taken from the original shellac records. Now surface noise has been greatly minimised and in some cases virtually eliminated by a new process developed by a CBS engineer while working on this project.

The series has been put together in chronological order. But its producers 'to add variety' have presented the ten discs so that they start with the first and last recordings and run sequentially towards the middle.

The World's Greatest Blues Singer:

Covers the first 16 and last 16 tracks recorded by Bessie Smith. The opener, 'Down Hearted Blues' was a big hit in 1923, selling, it is said, 800,000 copies - quite something in the days of mail order sales for 'race' recordings. Even though she was 25 and had been on the road for ten years working in tent shows and dives, in these very first sessions she sounds just a little (at least compared with her later work) like a schoolkid singing the blues.

Sides 3 and 4 cover the very last part of her career and though the years of gin drinking and hard living have

left their mark, her voice is still rich and strong. John Hammond, one of the producers of this series, recorded the last four tracks in 1933, about four years before Bessie Smith died. He found her working in a gin-mill as a hostess, singing pornographic songs for tips and drinking more than ever, completely depressed and penniless. But on 'Gimme a Pigfoot' she reveals none of this and sounds just like Bessie at her best.

Any Woman's Blues:

The first and the second sides have the young Bessie recording again after her first tour, still a little immature but much more confident and relaxed. There are two not terribly inspiring duets with a rival of hers, Clare Smith (no relation) who also recorded for Columbia. They are only remarkable in the light of Bessie's professional insecurity in her early career, which made her refuse to perform on stage with other blues singers unless they did non-blues material.

Sides 3 and 4 were recorded at a time when the country was beginning to fall apart economically and radio and the Depression were starting to hit the live entertainment industry. 'I'm Wild About That Thing', 'You've Got to Give me Some' and 'Kitchen Man' are quite blatantly pornographic and yet it is said that Bessie Smith disliked suggestive lyrics. Her most unforgettable performance, perhaps the most inspired of her whole recording career, comes on Side

Three with 'Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out'. The last tracks on side four were recorded in 1930 and Columbia, so badly hit by the Depression, only ordered just over four thousand copies - so inappropriate was Bessie Smith's style at that time and so lacking in popularity.

Empty Bed Blues:

Sides 1 and 2 cover a recording period from April to September, 1924. Bessie had been travelling again, appearing in theatres and carrying her sizeable entourage around with her in her own railway carriage. Her voice is fully mature and she was beginning her most successful period. Much of the material, perhaps because of her touring, is quite down-home. 'Moonshine Blues', 'Workhouse Blues' and 'House Rent Blues' all reflect a consciousness of the negroes living conditions and in 'Weeping Willow Blues' and 'The Bye Bye Blues' as well, an understanding of the problems facing black women. The accompaniment is the best she had had so far, with Bessie and trombonist, Charlie Green, establishing a humorous rapport. The third and fourth sides were recorded in 1928 from February to August. 1928 was a particularly good year and Bessie's output was of a consistently high standard, peaking with the title track 'Empty Bed Blues'.

The Empress:

continues the upward trend

of 1924 into 1925. All the tracks are fine blues numbers with lyrics sprinkled with ironic humour. One of her classics, 'St. Louis Blues', is featured on Side 2, where she teams up for the first time with a very young, very talented Louis Armstrong.

The output from March 1927 to February 1928 makes up Sides 3 and 4.

Bessie is in great voice and high spirited blues, much of it tongue in cheek, dominate these sides. 'Them's Graveyard Words' and 'Send me to the 'Letric Chair' despite their morbid titles are both a lot of fun.

Nobody's Blues But Mine:

Covers the middle period of her recording career and is the only album in the set where the four sides run completely in chronological order. They cover the period from May 1925 to March 1927. Some of her best material is featured including what could be Bessie's theme song, 'Young Woman's Blues'.

It's been said that Bessie Smith never made a bad record, and after hearing almost all of them, one can see that it's the truth. And CBS, with the completion of this mammoth project, have brought all available Bessie Smith recordings together. Evocative sleeve designs and striking photographs of the beautiful Bessie make these very attractive packages with over eight hours listening in all. The series is a must for the blues/Bessie Smith fanatic as well as the collector, but for the rest of us with limited funds, the problem of choosing is made more difficult by the coupling of the records. Perhaps the best choice would be 'Empty Bed Blues' or 'The Empress' followed by 'Nobody's Blues but Mine'. Or perhaps one should wait till some enterprising record executive at CBS hits on the idea of a double album of 'The Best of Bessie Smith'. Trouble is, it's all the best.

Nicky Hepworth:
Although it isn't the policy of this column to exclusively cover female artists, just before Christmas a whole batch of records by women were released and so it seems appropriate to discuss them here.

My favourite is Bonnie Raitt's 'Give It Up' (Warner Bros). Now if you're a teetotaler you may not understand my choice, but if you're a bit of a lush this is going to have you swinging after a couple of glasses. You'll get into the alternate clarity and fatalism of the songs - a few of which she wrote herself. Rock with her on her own title track 'Give It Up Or Let Me Go', melancholy on 'Too Long At The Fair' and 'Love Has No Pride', or woman-of-the-world on 'You Got To Know How'. She has some fine back-up musicians, making great use of brass and plenty of bar room piano alongside the usual guitars, drums etc. They occasionally override her less than rockin' powerful voice, but she has a real feel for gutsy, finger strumming blues. In her words: 'I've got five years of good drinking - gimme a break.'

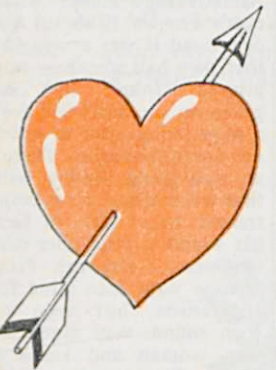
Another first album-Birtha (Probe), an all-girl group of four in the hard-rock Fanny tradition. If they'd been the first maybe they'd have gotten the glory, but Fanny were and you've got to be at least different. Someone somewhere has fine voice, able to reach from rough to pure, and they write a fair proportion of their own material, but it doesn't compensate for such a lack of originality and artistry.

When I first heard Joan Armatrading's album 'Whatever's For Us' (Cube), I was convinced it was a man and that they had somehow misprinted 'John'. But she grows on you and I feel she's a singer/songwriter to watch out for in the future. There's an easy-going feeling with that warm piano we're being treated to of late. In fact, her sound is altogether contemporary, although Nina Simone pops into mind for comparison, but even so, Joan sounds very much her own woman and keeps it simple. It seems favourable these days for a white man's music to sound black, but here is a black woman writing music without - her colour showing through. It's to her credit - try her.

It's been a long time since Goffin and King with hits like 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow' or 'Up On The Roof', but here is Carole King still loving on her album 'Rhymes and Reasons' (A&M). Unpretentious love songs, complimen-



ted by her rich rhythmical piano, and with people like Danny Kortchmar on guitar, she can't fail to please her fans, though it would be nice to see her move a little further along from her treasured 'Tapestry'. However, the whole production is good, and if you have an ounce of romance in your soul, Carole King will find it. Speaking of romantics, Melanie's 'Stoneground Words' on her own label - Neighbourhood - isn't about to disprove the point. Her lyrics are as gentle and compassionate as ever and her plaintive husk of a voice is still appealing, but if you didn't like them before, I don't think this is going to change your mind. Like Melanie and Carole King, Joni Mitchell is unashamedly personal in her lyrics, but on 'For The Roses' (Asylum), they seem self-conscious and coy. Her voice, too, has lost its warmth and enthusiasm and she trills up and down like an opera singer doing her scales, following note by note on the piano. I'm sure the simplicity is part of her appeal, but it would be nice to hear some more imaginative arrangements behind her, though there is some pleasant guitar work from James Burton. Her 'Blue' album was a classic, but you've got to be devoted to be moved by her later offerings.



Chris Mohr:

A Safe Place

by Henry Jaglom

Male film critics in Los Angeles were sorted out from the women last October when writer-director Henry Jaglom told them to stay away from his first film, *A Safe Place*. The subsequent, enthusiastic reviews, some from women journalists who had never written about films before, included a powerful tribute by Anais Nin, who wrote 'those who fail to understand this film will drive themselves and others to the safe place of non-existence'. This is the review which gives Jaglom, a long-standing admirer of Anais Nin's books, the most pleasure. His bizarre injunction to the Los Angeles critics, the result of mishandled publicity in New York which damaged the film's success there, is one more example of how much *A Safe Place* - which has nothing to do with sex, violence or politics - has already polarised social attitudes and groups in the States, and promises to over here.

The film describes, rather than narrates, the emotional life of a young woman, Susan/Noah (Tuesday Weld) who is unable to emerge completely from childhood into the world of disappointments. Her retreat into memory and fantasy occurs alongside encounters with her friends in her New York apartment and in Central Park; with Fred who loves her but does not understand, and Mitch (Jack Nicholson) who drops in to see her, understands and does not love. Again and again she returns to the magician (a superb incarnation by Orson Welles) who tells Hassidic stories and performs magic tricks for her, but cannot make the camels in the zoo disappear. Susan remembers flying as a child, and her longing to remember how to fly finally becomes the need to disappear herself, from the absolute presences of pain, fear, disappointment and despair. Deliberately severing connections which might explain too much, the film's only structure is a rhythmic, nervous alternation between past and present, memory and reality, fantasy and experience, hope and fear. The spectator is precipitated into Susan's world where there is no definable present, but where each moment

exists in remarkable depth. There's a good deal more on screen at any one time than is possible: for the eye to grasp - accumulated bric-a-brac glimpsed out of the corner of the mind - spangled stars and moons in Susan's room, Edith Piaf and Charles Trenet records, people, faces, sounds - a diary of Susan's world and anyone's recollections. Jaglom admits that the film is completely autobiographical, ('I chose Tuesday Weld to play me') and his sense of identification with women is close to Anais Nin's own fragile, mutating characters. But *A Safe Place* is less remarkable for its subject matter - the cinema has been exploring dreams and the subconscious for over fifty years - than for its genuinely cinematic vision. Without owing anything to literature, it is the most perfectly attempted film equivalent of the novel's stream of consciousness: the theme is worked out on Proustian lines, with memories as vivid as reality interrupting that reality (Jaglom is surprised by the lack of significance English people accord their own childhood), but abandoning a linear, chronological structure in order to chart more precisely, if also more obliquely, the inner life. This anti-intellectual, non-literary approach is probably what angered critics (it was booed at the New York Film Festival premiere) who failed to respond emotionally to the evocative patterns of incidents, moods and music.

Having started out as an actor, Jaglom edited *Easy Rider* and the commercial success of that film, in which all involved had a share, enabled him to make *A Safe Place*. Now he has set up a filmmakers' co-operative in the States with Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson, Monte Hellman and others.

He intends in future films to continue to explore the subject of thought, memory, emotions, imagination. In the meantime, *A Safe Place* is beautiful and original and not to be missed.



Sue Cowley:

The Body Politic

Compiled by

Micheline Wandor

Stage 1. 60p

How can I write a review of 'The Body Politic' (Women's Liberation in Britain 1969 - 1972) - Stage 1 - 60p, and really express what the book is about - what it tries to do? It's a problem. Book reviews were something I had to do in school. Well, the kids are out for the afternoon with John and I can sit here smoking fags and drinking coffee and trying to figure out how to write something which will inspire women (and men) to get the book and read it. Best, I suppose, to plunge in.

As a collection of thirty-four different writings 'The Body Politic' encompasses different approaches and subjects but every piece in it comes from women in the British movement and expresses ideas, feelings and actions which arise from that movement.

By reading the book one can discover in a very real way what the movement is about, how it sees itself and women's liberation. It is not conclusive. We will need periodic collections of writings over the years to give the range and depth of development and change within the movement. It is also true that certain aspects are not represented in the collection. Offhand I can think of the radical feminist's position on separatism for women. Unfortunately, the book does not contain some of the more recent discussions around women and work, both at home and in the factory, and the subsequent arguments about where and how it is best to work with women on a wide scale. However some of the ideas most recently crystallized are contained within the articles in 'The Body Politic'. My feeling is that a book of this sort is only a first step and can only be viewed in this light. Part history, part analysis, part experience and part description, it all adds up to an expression of what a large part of the movement were thinking and doing over three and a half years.

I think it is good to note here that very few of the writings come from so-called 'experts' - either in any particular field or on women's liberation. We have all, in a sense, become 'experts' by recognizing the validity and worth of our lives and ideas. It is so good to see women writing about the family, sexuality, housing, jobs and work both from their own experience and from a more theoretical standpoint rising out of women's experience.

As many women's liberationists begin to act and to move out into our communities and work places we need to be able to

decide where to act, how to act and to be able to make our ideas and commitments real to women not yet in women's liberation. Ideas which are closely tied to our experiences - to the day to day lives of women are needed to give us a knowledge of the roots and causes of our oppression. We need to understand as much as possible in order to change everything.

A collection of writings makes reading a matter of choice and time. You could start with a history, (The beginnings of Women's Liberation in Britain); or if you want to know what women's liberation has done read Section 4: Women and Action; or More than Minding, under the Family Section. There are many articles which could be useful for new, small groups, discussions. I think particularly of 'Identity', 'Manifesto on Motherhood', and 'A woman's right over her body'. The article 'Female Sexuality: it's Political Implications', should be of interest to all of us.

Sheila Rowbotham's long piece 'Women's liberation and the new politics' is an emotive and serious discussion about women's liberation in its entirety and Ros Delmar's, 'What is feminism?' is both strong and clear. Neither is stuffy.

There is a further reading list at the end of the book and a list of contact names and addresses for women's librarians all over the country. In this small but important way 'The Body Politic' goes beyond the usual book and becomes a book giving the possibility to women to grow - not only in their heads but by making contact with groups in women's liberation.

But I don't have enough space to go through everything. Read it on your own or better still try to read it at the same time as a friend or group of friends. From my own experience it's much more exciting and easier to read something and talk about it with others - what it makes you feel, what you find confusing or true. Another cigarette. Does anyone read book reviews anyway?



'Sexual Women', Summer 1972

Peter Buckman:

Priority Education

by Eric Midwinter

Penguin Education 45p

In 1968, the long arm of the Revolution came to Liverpool. Without barricades or street fighting, in the face of almost total apathy, the city was chosen as one of five research areas into Priority Education. The choice was made by the Department of Education, following the Plowden Report, and the original idea was to see how best to boost, through 'positive discrimination', those half-lit areas of the country where ordinary schooling was powerless to help its pupils get themselves out of the appallingly vicious circle of deprivation which was the lot of their parents, grandparents, and predecessors back to the Industrial Revolution.

The idea was not new, of course, being a refinement of the long-held belief that education is the key to prosperity. To talk of it as 'Revolution' is perhaps far-fetched, though it does make a good opening line. But what Eric Midwinter, the Director of the Liverpool Project, and his colleagues did with their brief is as good an illustration as any of how much can be done within the system. The question is whether that's far enough. The first thing the Liverpool Project workers did was to question the notion of standardized treatment for the schools in their area. The natural approach of bureaucracy - which includes Plowden - is to establish a uniform system, so that both input and output can be controlled. Midwinter and his colleagues quickly came to the conclusion that a formal curriculum was irrelevant. If schooling could not help deprived kids, that was because it was irrelevant not only to their own interests and preoccupations, but also to those of the community from which they came. Schooling must start from the kid's experience rather than a curriculum set by people remote from their conditions. More important, schooling must connect to the community itself, to involve parents in a learning process that starts with their kids, and offers something to adults too. To learn about the Ancient Romans when your family are Irish immigrants is not only pointless for a child. It alienates them

from their family, who regard the time spent in school as 'wasted'. If, as part of learning history, the child can participate in a project on Irish immigration to Liverpool, both the child's interests and those of the family might be involved. That, at least, was the idea. In addition to scrapping the set curriculum, the Project involved itself in outside activity, taking the kids away from the usually Victorian edifices and out into the city. To supermarkets and local stores, to the countless areas of Liverpool slated for demolition, where the old inhabitants exist helpless as their amenities are bulldozed away, to the new highrise blocks which breed a whole new series of social diseases - that is where schoolchildren went to. As a result they did not regard the time spent in school as 'wasted'. Nor did their parents, who came to observe, to chat, and in the end to participate. For the Project, though concentrating on primary school kids, extended itself beyond the secondary level to adult education. As always, the aim was to build links between home and school - to blur the distinction between the two so that 'Community School' had a concrete meaning. And the ambition was that such a 'Community School' would help its pupils, little and large, to understand their environment and enable them to change it.

That ambition has not been realised, as Midwinter admits. Though links have been made between adults, teachers, and kids; though projects and playgroups and adult education courses have become a part of the Liverpool scene; though the work of Midwinter et al was considered a huge success, nothing has outwardly changed in the slums of the city. Perhaps it has not yet had the time, for four years is not long for a Revolution. But there have been no political effects whatsoever: the community, though closer now, has not been politicised, has not taken its new-found knowledge into

the wider arena, has not even shown the desire to do so.

Midwinter cannot be blamed for this. He was not asked to be Lenin, only to see what could be done, with Government money, to 'improve education'. It is to his credit that he and his fellow-workers tried at once to implement the radical idea of the 'Community School', which was no part of their original brief. But is the criticism of the deschoolers correct? Can nothing be done within the system? The deschoolers believe that the root of all evil is the compulsion in schooling: that kids are forced to spend a large part of their formative years in an institution that is hardly responsive to their needs. Abolish the compulsion, free learning from the monopoly the schools presently enjoy, and you are half-way to the desired aim of education as a lifelong experience. The premiss is that you learn what you need and want, rather than what society decrees you ought to have. This can be achieved by releasing the potential for learning and teaching that everyone possesses, by destroying the mystery of 'expertise' to which certified teachers (are forced to) pretend.

Midwinter has gone part-way towards this goal by preaching the relevance of kids' own experience and that of their families. But he is imprisoned by the system. Moreover, by concentrating, as he had to, on primary school kids, the system could be relied on to claw them back into conformity by imposing its unchanged curriculum-exam syndrome on them from the age of 11. No trouble.

But what else can be done? There is too much investment, historically and financially, in our schooling system to imagine that it could soon be scrapped. Nor is there any large-scale desire to do so. We cannot afford to wait for the system to be destroyed, and we - radicals, liberals, and all who want education to be a lifelong experience - cannot destroy it ourselves. So we must support the idea of the 'Community School', which has recently made the Colour Supplements and is therefore respectable. We can support people like Midwinter while recognising the limitation to what he is doing. Every generation, when it realises the futility of its own efforts at change, turns reassuringly to its children to carry on the struggle. 'Learn from our mistakes' we tell them. 'Knowledge is power.' Midwinter and the many like him know that to be true. It is important to work *with* such people - not against them.

Peter Buckman edited 'Education Without Schools' to be published by Souvenir Press early this year.

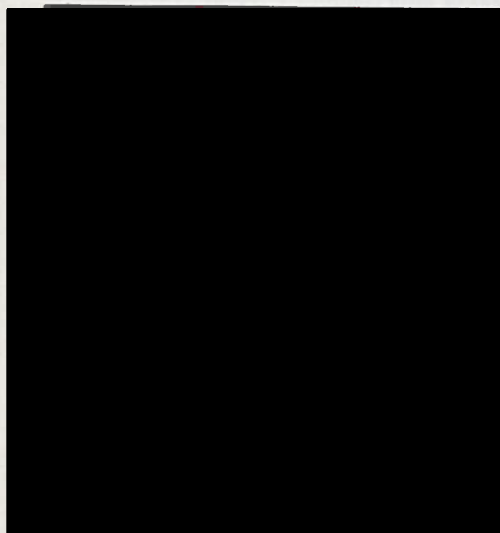
Illustrations
by John Storey



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

becomes its narcissistic projection.

Freud saw the fetish object itself as phallic replacement so that a shoe, for instance, could become the object on which the scandalized denial of female castration was fixated. But, on a more obvious level, we could say with Freud in 'The Medusa's Head' that a proliferation of phallic symbols must symbolize castration. This is the meaning of the parade of phallic insignia born by Allen Jones's harem, ranging from precisely poised thighs, suggestive of flesh and erection, through to enormous robots and turrets. Castration itself is only rarely alluded to in even indirect terms. In one clipping an oriental girl brandishes a large pair of scissors, about to cut the hair of a man holding a large cigar. In another, a chocolate biscuit is described in three consecutive pictures: *c'est come un doigt* (erect female finger), *avec du chocolat autour* (ditto plus chocolate), *ca disparaît très vite* (empty frame), then larger frame and triumphal return, *c'est un biscuit: Finger de Cadbury* (erect biscuit held by fingers).



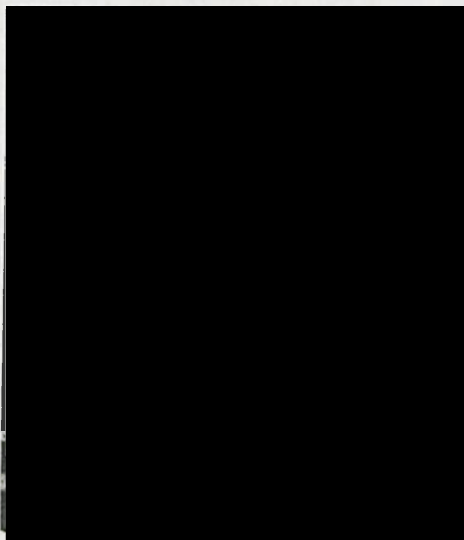
Male fears

There is one exception to this: the increasingly insistent theme of women balancing. Female figures hang suspended, at their peak, on the point of coming down (the phallic reference is obvious). Anything balanced upright — a woman walking a tightrope or balancing a tray or poised on the balls of her toes — implies precariously a possible catastrophe that may befall. The sculptures of women as furniture, especially the hat stand, imply erectness and suspension at the same time, hung motion and hanging in space. In addition, the physical structure of some of his earlier paintings — three-dimensional flights of steps leading steeply up to two-dimensional paintings of women's legs poised on high heels — in itself implies ascending to a point, erect posture and suspension and balance, fused into one image by the illusionistic effect.

In his most recent paintings, exhibited this summer at the Marlborough Galleries, Allen Jones develops the theme of balance

much further. A number of the paintings are of women circus performers, objects of display and of balance. Here the equation 'woman = phallus' is taken a step further, almost as if to illustrate Freud's dictum that 'the remarkable phenomenon of erection which constantly occupies the human phantasy, cannot fail to be impressive as an apparent suspension of the laws of gravity (of the winged phalli of the ancients)'. In *Bare Me*, for instance, the phallic woman, rigid and pointing upwards, holding her breasts erect with her hands, is standing in high-heels on a tray-like board balanced on two spheres. She is on the way up, not down. Loss of balance is possible, but is not immediate.

But in other paintings in the same show this confidence is undercut. The defiance of gravity is more flamboyant than



convincing. The same devices — high heels, walking on spheres — which compel an upright, erect posture can also point to its precariousness. In the painting *Whip*, derived from a brilliant Eneg drawing of two women, castrator and castrated, a woman lassoed by a whipcord is slipping off a three-legged stool: in the painting we can see only the toppling stool, but there can be no doubt from comparison with the Eneg source, that her real absence — symbolic castration — is intended. In another painting, *Slip*, both figures from the same Eneg drawing are combined into one and loss of balance becomes the explicit theme. Dancers on points, waitresses carrying trays, women acrobats teetering on high heels or walking the tightrope — all are forced to be erect and to thrust vertically upwards. But this phallic deportment carries the threat of its own undoing: the further you strive up, the further you may fall.

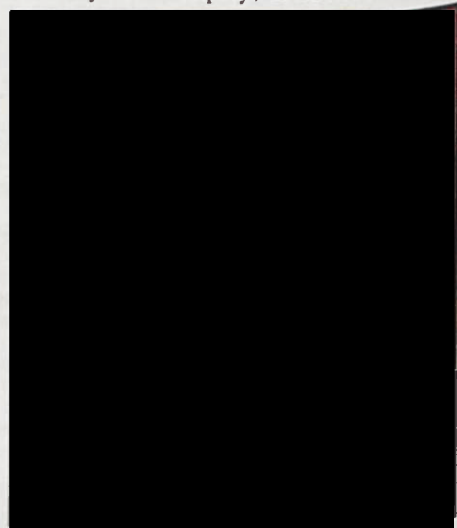
The real scare

In *Männer Wir Kommen* the reverse side of the phallic woman, the true horror of the fetishist can be seen in one startling sequence. The female body, although still bound in a tight corset and with a snake necklace wound round her neck, has a flamboyant, scarlet scar over her genitals. The surrounding mise-en-scène consists of enormous eggs, containing bound women rising from a foetus-like position while, in another sequence, maggot-like women's limbs emerge from equally enormous

apples. The scar breeds the putrescence of pregnancy and nothing but decay can come out of the apple. The apple and the egg are the only non-fetishistic images of women to appear in Allen Jones's work. Infested by manikin maggots, they are the eternal companion of the scar.

Woman not there

Most people think of fetishism as the private taste of an odd minority, nurtured in secret. By revealing the way in which fetishistic images pervade, not just specialized publications, but the whole of the mass media, Allen Jones throws a new light on woman as spectacle. The message of fetishism concerns not woman, but the narcissistic wound she represents for man. Women are constantly confronted with their own image in one form or another, but what they see bears little relation or relevance to their own unconscious fantasies, their own hidden fears and desires. They are being turned all the time into objects of display, to be looked at



and gazed at and stared at by men. Yet, in a real sense, women are not there at all. The parade has nothing to do with woman, everything to do with man. The true exhibit is always the phallus. Women are simply the scenery on to which men project their narcissistic fantasies. The time has come for us to take over the show and exhibit our own fears and desires.

Laura Mulvey organised the Women's Film Festival in Edinburgh last year. ★

Continuing our series on being a woman in other countries, Joselyn Morton talks about Hong Kong where she worked as a teacher for a year in 1968 and returned to take another look last Christmas. Photographs by Roger Morton.

Hong Kong Revisited



Hong Kong family: This is a fairly typical family unit, the man is noticeably absent. He may be in a teashop, drinking, talking or playing cards with his men friends. He may be in another country like Canada or America or even Britain, working and sending money back to his wife and children. Often this separation continues for many years. He may even be with his second or third common law wife, for until recently, it was legal for a H.K. Chinese man to have more than one wife.



Fishing Folk: A woman's life aboard a junk or sampan is not a luxurious one. It involves the endless drudgery of making a living aboard a very small craft. Younger children are usually strapped to the deck and there are tyres tied to the outsides of the boat for the older ones to catch onto if they topple over. Frequently one sees a woman rowing the sampan, while a group of men play cards at the end of the boat. Families always seem to be large among the fishing folk and the physical hardships endured must be immense. Personal freedom must be very limited. Plus the fact that they are continually exposed to the dangers of losing their home, possessions and even life, from the ever-present threat of fire, typhoons and epidemics.



Amahs: With the disappearance of amahs from the H.K. scene, much of the enchantment and glitter would disappear for the expatriates who live there. It would be impossible to imagine

their large dinner parties without the presence of neatly dressed amahs to prepare and serve the food. Nor would they have the freedom to pursue their leisure time activities, without the amahs to do their childminding. The amahs are not only the servants of the Europeans, for a large percentage of the Chinese and Indian population also have amahs. The amah's life is relatively comfortable, for she is usually working in an attractive and fairly modern flat. Her living accommodation, however, is minimal. She is usually housed in an annexe adjoining the flat. The size of her room is enough to accommodate a bed and little more. If she is married, she is separated from her husband and family and only sees them on her days off. Some families will allow an amah to have a small child with her, but it is not very common. She mostly associates with other amahs and they spend their time gossiping about their employers and the way they run their flats. Their hours are long and although the work is not too exhausting, a high standard of perfection is demanded from them. Recently, the demand for amahs has begun to exceed the supply and so slowly the wages have gone up, and the conditions of employment have become more humane (shorter working hours etc).



Street stalls: Street market stalls are a way of life. In most districts they are open from early morning till 10 or 11pm each night. A fact which probably explains the lack of animation on this woman's face. Dressed sensibly in traditional trousers and top, Chinese women are accustomed to squatting at their work. They haggle long and hard over their prices. Their voices are loud and assured.



Garbage collectors: Methods of rubbish disposal in H.K. are varied, but the problem always remains enormous. It is a small area of land, housing a vast population, in a climate that for 8 months out of the year, is hot and humid. Free enterprise makes it possible for some people to make their living out of garbage disposal. It is just a shame that there are no high-powered Chinese women tycoons taking their place in the business and policy-making world of H.K. For that would not make this woman's task seem so iniquitous.



Young, beautiful, Chinese girl child. Perfectly shaped face, calm and trusting. Her future is one of chance and lack of opportunity, over-crowding and monotonous diet, little education and lack of freedom.



In the fields: Many women work long, hot, tedious hours in the New Territories (on the Chinese Mainland, but still part of the British colony). Most of the daily fruit and vegetables for H.K., come from the New Territories. The agricultural methods are traditional rather than modern, and require much back-breaking work. It's not uncommon to see mothers in the fields, with their babies strapped to their backs.

The women of H.K. are still very religious. They often spend quite large amounts of money on buying sacrificial offerings, which they burn for their ancestors — who in turn are meant to do their bit to turn the tide of the family fortunes. On feast days, the poor people are out in their masses performing these rituals... obviously, the only way they see open to them to change the state of their existence.



Grandmother and baby: Housing conditions and sanitation are appalling. No privacy. Innocence of child mirrors the hostility of the older woman who has already lived through 60 years of hardship and poverty.

During a visit to an ancient walled village in the New Territories, we found a population consisting entirely of old women. They were very competent tourist hustlers and immediately set about to try and beg some money from us. They were the most determined old ladies I have ever encountered and nothing would convince them that we did not have a wallet of dollars to dish out to them. Eventually I took one old lady by the jaw and exposed her 2 rows of solid gold teeth to her mates. Opened my mouth wide and revealed the poverty of my ungilded teeth. They found this incredibly amusing and insisted on leading us down the street. Still giggling, the leader of the group took us into her house for some Chinese tea.



Chinese girls demonstrating: In 1968 the communists were staging many street demonstrations in H.K. It was interesting to see that a large number of young and determined looking females

took part. It means that some of the poor H.K. women are not completely tied to their domestic chores and menial jobs, but are interested enough to be politically active.

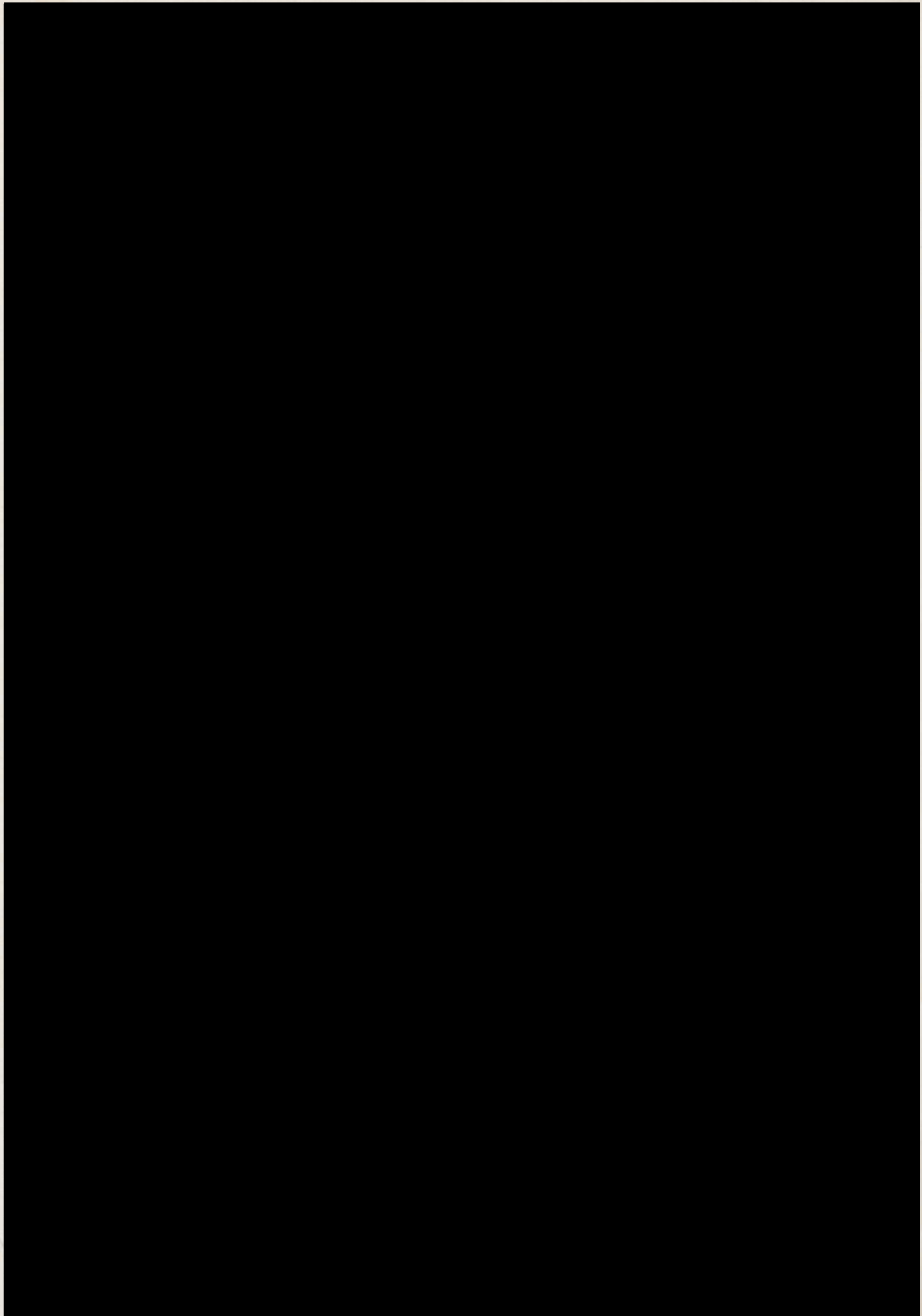
They would no doubt have been educated in one of the communist run schools. Most of the English speaking schools produce facsimiles of well-brought up young ladies. The other Chinese-speaking schools that are not communist in doctrine are somewhere in the middle.



The educated unemployed: These well-dressed pretty young girls are bored to distraction. They have taken their school exams and passed them, but there are no jobs available for them. Certainly none in which their educational qualifications would be put to any use. In an overcrowded city like H.K., with the Chinese sector having only identity cards and no valid passports, it makes it almost impossible for them to leave the colony. (Only people who are born in H.K. are entitled to H.K. passports, and there are large numbers who have come from China, to live in H.K., and therefore are not entitled to a British passport.) There is nowhere for the unemployed to go and practically nothing for them to do. Having spent the past 10 years studying to get a good education, these young females would never entertain the idea of becoming amahs (servants) but their English is not good enough to get a job in an English speaking office or in a shop serving English speaking tourists. So, they continue to learn English — often paying large sums to unqualified schools, which may disappear overnight. They lead empty lives. Their conversation revolves around topics like fashion, hair styles and local film stars, for they are inveterate film goers. Their future is almost as hopeless as the women in the fishing villages, who work a 14 hour day. For until the immigration laws change or Cantonese becomes the official language of the colony, there is little hope that they will find work of a kind that their education has prepared them for.



The young rich: There is a new race of females being bred — usually the products of wealthy parents. They invariably go to Catholic or Government schools, where English is the first language. They are accustomed to commanding servants at home and of having the money to dress in fashionable European clothes (often sent to them direct from fashion houses in London and Paris). They spend their school lunch hours dining in expensive restaurants. They have the connections to enable them to study at universities abroad (most popular are Hawaii, Australia and Canada). If, when they return to H.K., at the end of their studies, they decide to teach, they will be paid twice the rate of the H.K. trained person — for they are foreign trained (this of course automatically applies to ALL Europeans). They have confidence and style. However it will be interesting to see if they ever become policy makers. ★



Everything you need to

by Angela Phillips

The following two quotes clearly illustrate the enormous difference in opinion over the abortion question.

Rev. Lewers of Travellers' Aid 'I think the basic thing for a child is that it must be wanted and it must have a "community" in which it can be accepted, looked after and cared for. Now,

It has always seemed an amazing contradiction that, in a society which frowns on illegitimacy and gives little or no help to working mothers, contraception is not provided free to every woman who asks for it. It is even more of a contradiction that a law liberalising abortion should be passed before one providing nationwide free contraception.

The morality of abortion is constantly discussed, yet women are not really free to avoid the question. We will not have control of our own bodies until illegitimacy as a moral and legal concept disappears and women who want children are given ungrudging support, while those who don't are given free contraception. Abortion would then be relegated to a much less important position, backing up the contraceptive service. Unfortunately we have a long way to go to achieve this and, for the time being, abortion is a vital service available to most women if you know how to use the system. I hope to show you how.

There are fewer deaths directly attributable to legal abortion than to child birth so properly performed it is not a dangerous operation. However, it is still an operation and therefore should be done as safely and expertly as possible, and hopefully not often.



First of all, it is vital to remember that the earlier an abortion is done, the safer it is for you. Most doctors prefer to operate before you are 12 weeks pregnant and after that some will refuse to do it. Anyway, the price (for a private abortion) and the risks involved go up sharply after 14 weeks. If you think you might be pregnant and don't want to be, move fast. NB: Count weeks from the first day of your last period.

You cannot have an accurate pregnancy test until you are at least 2 weeks overdue. There are several ways of doing this:

1. The local hospital is not advisable because they are likely to take 10 days producing a result. Your GP is likely to use this system too. If he does, go elsewhere, you don't have that sort of time to waste.

2. The Family Planning Association and the Brook Advisory Clinics for Young People (both national), and the Marie Stopes Clinic (London) all do tests on the spot or within a day. They have a fairly low charge (eg, FPA £1 to registered patients, £2 to new patients.)

3. There are numerous private testing services which are fast and reliable. They charge from £2 to £3. Some are attached to private abortion clinics which are likely to be expensive. You are not obliged to use them. The advantage is the postal service which is quick and anonymous. If you ring they will send you a sample bottle. Addresses in Yellow Pages, magazines, tubes etc.

4. Do-it-yourself. 'The Predictor' is a fairly reliable service if you take care to follow the instructions exactly. Available at chemists.

5. Most of the women's centres, started by Women's Liberation Groups, are or will be providing free pregnancy testing. (Donations welcome as the tests in fact cost 40p each. Labour, of course, is free.) They only operate once a week and have limited facilities.

Ten days may seem a long time if you are pretty certain you are pregnant and feel scared to death. Use waiting time to do as much research as possible, even if you are not pregnant your time will not have been wasted.

Go and see your own GP. Tell him you think you are pregnant and watch his reaction. If he starts to moralise, don't expect much help from him. If he is practical and sympathetic, he may be able to get you an abortion on the National Health. Be very careful of the apparently sympathetic doctor who keeps putting you off until it's too late to do anything about it.

Often GPs will not bother to pass you onto an NHS hospital, because you live in an area where the demand for abortions is more than the hospital can cope with, or (more often) where the hospital's consultant gynaecologists are anti-abortion on social grounds. If it's the latter, you will probably only get an abortion if you are willing to be sterilized and already have 10 other children (preferably of mixed races).

If you are under 16 or have strong

medical grounds, you should be able to get an NHS abortion anywhere. (If you are under 16 your parents will be informed.)

In some areas, see chart below where your chances look bad, the choice is so arbitrary that you might as well have a go. Whatever you decide, always see your GP first. A good letter from her will strengthen your case and she'll probably be able to tell you your chances, and have a good idea of the possibilities in your area.

I have drawn up a chart using the Registrar General's Statistics for 1970. That year, out of a total of 86,565 legal abortions, 55.1% were done on NHS. As the number of abortions rose, the proportion performed on NHS dropped to 42.4% in 1971 and 36.5% in 1972. Therefore some areas shown on the chart as middling might have dropped to bad, particularly in urban centres where abortion figures are high.

As we don't know how many women were refused abortions or gave up, these figures are approximate. For example, Liverpool and Manchester have fairly reasonable figures on paper but their overall abortion totals are suspiciously low for the size of the city. A report published in 1971 showed that Liverpool had had the third highest rate of admission for treatment after abortion (back-street?) before the Abortion Act was passed.

If you are going to try for an NHS abortion, you must have nerves of steel. The fastest time recorded as yet is 10 days from first visit to admission into hospital. This woman went through Release, where they really know the ropes, but it usually takes much longer.

There is no absolute rule to go by as the Abortion Act is open to any interpretation by gynaecologists. It's always worth trying NHS as long as your start early. Unfortunately, waiting lists are often so long that even liberal hospitals may be forced to keep you waiting longer than is medically advisable. If it gets to 10 - 11 weeks and you still have no decision, it's probably worth cutting your losses and trying another system.



If you don't feel you can stand the tension you have a number of alternatives.

If you are rich and already have a good gynaecologist, stop reading here. If you are poor, as most women tend to be, now is the time to check your resources. Check all sources of money and don't forget that it takes two people to get one woman pregnant. He is equally responsible. (Okay, so you did only know him for one night and don't remember his surname. He was, after all, there at the time so why should he get off scot free and leave you literally holding the baby. He is probably earning considerably more than you are anyway.) If you can get £60 together, you are laughing. There are several charitable organisations which will look after you at that price (charitable does not mean moralising). If £60 seems no nearer that £6,000, don't give up. These organisations have funds available to help people like you. They are not likely to pay the whole cost but they will certainly help with a substantial interest free loan and occasionally, in cases of dire need, will give grants. Most of these places give roughly the same kind of service. I'll tell you a little about the one I know best, the London Pregnancy Advisory Service.

LPAS is at 40 Margaret Street, London W.1. It's a charitable trust, organised to help women get abortions with as little fuss as possible and at as low a price as possible. It's run strictly within the terms of the Abortion Act which states that: Two doctors in good faith should decide whether or not you fit into the following clauses:

1. Your life is a greater risk by continuing the pregnancy than by terminating it.
2. If your physical or mental health is more likely to be injured by continuing with the pregnancy than by terminating it.
3. If the physical or mental health of any existing children you have is more likely to be injured by your continuing with the pregnancy than by terminating it.
4. If there is a reasonable chance that the baby may be abnormal or deformed.

This is obviously open to wide interpretation and the doctors employed by LPAS or any other organisation of this kind are apt to

know about ABORTION

if those conditions aren't met, then there is a distinct case for abortion.'
H.C. McLaren of Birmingham Maternity Hospital in a letter to the British Medical Journal, July 10, 1971 'All a young trainee has to do if he wants to keep clear of the abortion epidemic is choose his senior colleagues with care.'

NHS: Your Chances of getting an Abortion in your area

Good ★★★

Cambridgeshire
Isle of Ely
Cumberland
Devon
Durham
Essex

Portsmouth
Southampton
Huntingdon and
Peterborough
Kent
Rest of Lincolnshire

Norwich
Northampton

Oxford

Somerset
Stoke on Trent
Suffolk

Middle★★

Bedfordshire
Berkshire

Buckinghamshire
Cheshire
Southend
Dorset
Gloucestershire

Hampshire
Hertfordshire

Lancashire*
Lincolnshire
Parts of Holland
Norfolk
Northamptonshire
Nottinghamshire
Oxfordshire
Shropshire

Ipswich
Surrey
Sussex

Wiltshire

Bad ★

Cornwall
Reading

Bournemouth
Hertfordshire

Blackpool

Northumberland

Staffordshire

Brighton
Warwickshire
Isle of Wight

Good ★★★

Yorkshire, East and
North Riding
WALES

London

Bexley
Greenwich
Hillingden
Kingston
Lewisham
Southwark

Middle★★

West Riding

Denbighshire
Flintshire

Barking
Brent
Bromley
Ealing
Harrow
Havering
Islington
Merton
Newham
Sutton
Tower Hamlets
Wandsworth

Bad ★

Worcestershire
York and Bradford

Pembrokeshire

Barnet
Camden O
Croyden
Enfield
Hackney
Hammersmith
Hounslow
Chelsea and
Kensington O
Lambeth
Redbridge
Waltham Forest
Westminster and
City of London O

* Statistics don't bear out other research - difficult to assess.
 O Statistics bad but some good hospitals - still worth trying your GP.
 In crowded areas there is bound to be a long waiting list.

interpret it at its widest.

When you contact LPAS you will be given an appointment to see a counsellor and a doctor. Counselling gives you a chance to talk about your problems and fears and to find out exactly what will happen to you. Most of these counsellors are untrained in any formal sense and vary in age and background. What they have in common is a good deal of sympathy and a very real desire to help you in whatever way you need it. After you've talked to the counsellor you will be examined by a doctor who will assess the length of your pregnancy. He will decide whether to sign the form authorising an abortion and will refer you to a gynaecologist who will further decide whether or not to do the operation. All the gynaecologists used by the LPAS are employed on a salary basis, so the number of abortions they carry out is im-

material and they are unlikely to do more in a day than they feel is safe.

If, for any reason, you are turned down by a doctor, you have the right to a second opinion. As 95% of the patients at LPAS are granted abortions you needn't worry much on this score.

Waiting time from first visit to admission into the clinic varies from 1 week to 10 days. If you are nearly 12 weeks pregnant you will be put at the top of the queue. If you are over 13 weeks or for any reason want the operation done faster, you can be accommodated within 3 days for £80. After 18 weeks your chances of getting a termination are considerably reduced because the operation becomes much more complicated and is medically inadvisable, particularly if you want to have more children in the future. It also becomes far more

unpleasant for the doctor and nursing staff.

Here is a list of charitable organisations pinpointing some of the differences between them.

British Pregnancy Advisory Service

Branches:
 North
 Leeds 0532 443861
 Liverpool 051 227 3721
 Midlands
 Birmingham 021 643 1461
 Coventry 0203 51663
 South
 Brighton 0273 509726
 Clinics:
 Brighton and Liverpool
 Price:
 £10 counselling, £41 operation
 Wait:
 2 weeks unless already late
 Acceptable duration of pregnancy:

Up to 16 weeks in own clinics.
 Private arrangements above that.
 Counselling:
 As long as necessary
 Percentage of patients subsidised:
 12%
 Number of patients per week: 500
 They also carry out vasectomy, sterilization and fit IUD's for low fees.

London Pregnancy Advisory Service

Branch
 London 01 629 9575 (new branch opening early 1973)
 Clinic:
 Epping
 Price:
 £5 counselling and examination, £55 operation
 Wait:
 1 week to 10 days unless late preg-

nancy or pay £80 for 3 days wait.
Acceptable duration of pregnancy:
12 weeks in own clinic. Other
arrangements for up to 18 weeks or
within 3 days.
Counselling:
Up to half an hour. More or less
where needed.
Follow up service for patients with
other problems.
Percentage of patients subsidised:
10% Mostly loans.
Number of patients per week: 300
They also carry out vasectomy for
£15 and fit IUD's for £2.

Pregnancy Advisory

Medical Trust

Branch:
London 01 247 4090 Low capacity.
Clinic:
Attached to Park Clinic, Wanstead,
which also does private, expensive
patients.
Price:
£5 referral and examination, £55
operation.
Wait:
3 - 4 days
Acceptable duration of pregnancy:
14 weeks.
Counselling:
Officially none, except for money
problems.
This often turns out to be counsel-
ling in fact.
Percentage of patients subsidised:
12½ - 16% grants given

Free Help and Advice Centres

(Don't forget they rely on donations, so if you can send them any money do.)

Area	Organisation	Telephone
Dundee	Touch	0382 643362
Durham	Muther Grumble	0385 61242
Edinburgh	Help	031 5567010
Glasgow	Nexus	041 2214750
Hull	Outsider	0482 20222
Leicester	Link	0533 22254
Liverpool	ARA	051 7093211
Manchester	Women's Centre (7.30 - 9pm)	061 2732287
	Magic	061 2249081
Slough	Feedback	75 22857
Stoke on Trent	Chip	0782 46659
Cardiff	Rib	022 44441
London	Release	01 289 1123
	Help International	01 402 5233
	South London Women's Centre and others	
	ring W.L. Workshop	01 839 3918
Brighton	Bit by Bit	0273 27878
Bristol	Feedback	0272 332137
	Off the Record	0272 292230
Cambourne	OHM	020 924472
Cambridge	Women's Centre (Tuesday evening Friday midday)	0223 55758 0223 63886
Coventry	Hillfield Information Centre	0203 24634 0203 28242

Number of patients per week: 12 to 19.
They also do vasectomy £15, fit IUD's and sterilization both included in price of operation.

All these clinics keep you in for 24 hours as stated in the Ministry of Health regulations. You can, by law, discharge yourself earlier if it's vital that you do so, but it is at your own risk and it's advisable to have a medical check soon after. All these services do in fact give you a check up about 6 weeks after the operation. If you can't make use of this go to your own GP.

Apart from the charities there are a number of 'help' organisations which give free advice. They will probably refer you to one of the charities if you can afford it, or they will help you to get an NHS abortion. Some of them have contacts with friendly doctors who can be prevailed upon to help their patients at a reasonable price.

Release is the best known of these organisations in London. They have a great deal of information and are particularly helpful, not only in getting NHS abortions, but also in holding your hand and cheering you up while you wait for things to happen. The atmosphere is very informal and they are quite prepared to spend as long talking to you as you need, or you can wile away the waiting time sitting on cushions reading magazines. In spite of the apparently casual atmosphere they really do get things done and can give you advice on any number of related or unrelated problems. They can arrange private abortions for £65, sometimes even less. They tend to cater largely for foreign women who have little money or time in London.



Foreign women have slightly different problems if they come to England for an abortion. Many women come with appointments already arranged in private clinics,

but a lot of others arrive bewildered and frightened, with no idea where to go. For these women the free advice services are a good bet but there is also a service which has been set up at Heathrow Airport to help them.

It began in an effort to curb the activities of taxi drivers acting as 'touts', taking women to clinics for a 'cut'. This received such bad publicity that the British Airports Authority were obliged to do something about it. Travellers' Aid came into being, sponsored collectively by the good will of the BAA, the Church of England Board of Responsibility, the Borough of Hillingden and International Travellers' Aid. The service is designed to cope with every variety of problem (ask anyone in uniform at Heathrow to direct you). Abortion is only one of these. Any women contacting Travellers' Aid about abortion will be referred straight to LPAS which has a special unit for foreign women with a multi-lingual counsellor. They arrange abortions very quickly for £80.



Obviously the main question in most people's minds is, what is abortion like? Well, here personal experience breaks down (so far) but I have talked to lots of other women about it, and I'll try and pass some information on.

Up to about 14 weeks you should have a vacuum aspiration or a D&C (scrape). The vacuum method is gaining in popularity and overseas is widely used in Japan and Eastern Europe. Its advantages are minimal dilation of the cervix and the use of soft plastic instruments, less likely to damage the uterine wall than instruments made of metal. The vacuum technique can be used for outpatient abortions as a general anaesthetic is not necessary. (In England one or two teaching hospitals do out-patient abortions but they are not generally favoured.)

The D&C requires a general anaesthetic. The cervix is dilated

(stretched) and the uterine wall is scraped to remove the fertilised ovum. This technique has been used for a long time and, with a skilled doctor, is perfectly safe (up to about 16 weeks).

These methods are used as late as possible, but usually after about 16 weeks a Saline injection, or an abdominal operation, are necessary. Saline injection brings on labour so that the foetus is expelled. It can be a rather long and unpleasant process, although obviously no worse than actually giving birth. It is sometimes distressing for nursing staff if the foetus is already quite well formed. An abdominal operation is like a Caesarian birth.

Obviously these last two methods should not be used if a delayed abortion can be avoided. If you have an early abortion, the after effects are minimal, you will lose a little blood (like a period) and possibly get a slight cramp. Anything else should be investigated immediately. Some women experience depression but this is related to circumstances - support and sympathy from friends is the best antidote. Always confide in somebody if you can. A hand to hold is always the most useful help a friend can give.

The charity clinics attached to LPAS and BPAS are only used for abortions and reports indicate that the staff are friendly and sympathetic. One girl I spoke to, who went through LPAS, said she felt guilty because she actually enjoyed the experience, she got on so well with the other women in her ward.

NHS hospitals are rather different as you are likely to be in a mixed ward and sometimes the nursing staff and other patients are unsympathetic to abortion cases. They also tend to keep you in much longer (3 - 7 days). An interesting survey of consultant gynaecologists, published in 1970, shows up the attitudes you are likely to meet in NHS hospitals:

Of those who replied -
6% were anti abortion on any grounds
58% were in favour of restricting the Abortion Act
2% in favour of extending the Act
48% in favour of special NHS abortion units
21% prepared to work in such units
A report by Madeline Simms 'The Abortion Act After Three Years', pointed out that, in 1970, if the work load had been spread evenly over all NHS hospitals, the rate would have been less than 1 abortion per week per hospital.

The following two quotes clearly illustrate the enormous difference in opinion over the abortion question.

Rev. Lewers of Travellers' Aid 'I think the basic thing for a child is that it must be wanted and it must have a "community" in which it can be accepted, looked after and cared for. Now, if those conditions aren't met, then there is a distinct case for abortion.'

H.C. McLaren of Birmingham Maternity Hospital in a letter to the British Medical Journal, July 10, 1971 'All a young trainee has to do if he wants to keep clear of the abortion epidemic is choose his senior colleagues with care.' Which of these attitudes sounds like moral responsibility to you?

I feel I must finish with a final plea. Don't play with abortion. All the addresses quoted in this article will give you advice on where to get contraception advice. Contraception, for your own good, must come first. ★

WOMEN EVERYWHERE

have been waiting for APPRELIM

PERSONAL PREGNANCY TESTING KIT
to enable them to find out for themselves, at the earliest possible moment, with accuracy, if and when they are pregnant, in less than three minutes.
APPRELIM offers THREE SEPARATE COMPARISON TESTS, with full instructions, easy to take and read, by a method as 'used in leading clinics. Each test is taken in duplicate, on the same slide—if the tests appear alike, the result will be NON-PREGNANT and if they appear unlike the result will be PREGNANT.
APPRELIM has a 98% degree of accuracy and will store for two years. It is NOT a so-called colour test and is UNAFFECTED by ORAL CONTRACEPTION, past or present, or other side effects of such tests.
APPRELIM has been designed to store in its case, for use and reuse whenever it is required, and should be included in the toolkits of all susceptible women.
Price £3 inclusive. Plain wrapper. By return of post.

APPRELIM (S.R.)
REDDITCH WORCESTERSHIRE

DELTA LABORATORIES

Pregnancy Testing. Results while you wait.
Monday - Saturday 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
10 minutes from Victoria Station.

DELTA LABORATORIES
44 Lupus Street, London S.W.1.
01-828 2811

FREE PREGNANCY TESTS

British Pregnancy Advisory
Service is a non profit making
registered charitable trust.

Birmingham
021-643 1461
Brighton
0273 509726
Coventry
0203 51663
Liverpool
051-227 3721

British Pregnancy Advisory
Service

BPAS

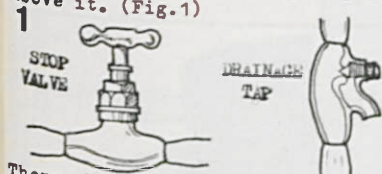
SPARE PARTS

CHANGING A TAP WASHER

Dripping taps can not only drive you mad, but they go on steadily getting worse... Washers are not that difficult to replace, and, although there are many types of tap, the internal mechanism is basically the same. In a number of areas you don't even need to do the job yourself as many waterboards will come and change the washer free of charge.

One drip per second can waste 300 gallons of water a year, so try your local waterboard first. (A plumber is likely to charge at least £1 just for coming to you.)

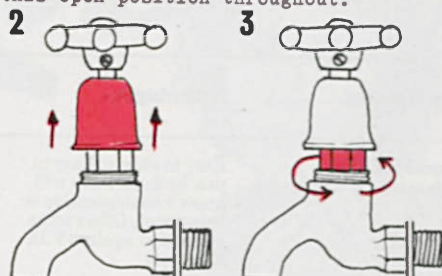
Changing a washer can be a very simple job, but when I actually tried to dismantle my own taps, I must admit that I was unable to get them apart and even pulled the bathroom basin off the wall in my struggles. However, I was more successful in the kitchen where the taps were new ones as shown in the diagrams. Another thing I discovered was that the washer in the stop valve had gone so that I was unable to turn off the water in my flat, but had to locate the main stop valve in the basement and turn off the water in the whole house. If you do live in an old house, it is worth checking all stop valves in your house every six months, and especially just before the winter with the possibility of frozen and burst pipes. If you are going away for a time during the winter it is advisable to drain your whole house before leaving. The stop valve from the mains should be in your basement with the drainage tap just above it. (Fig.1)



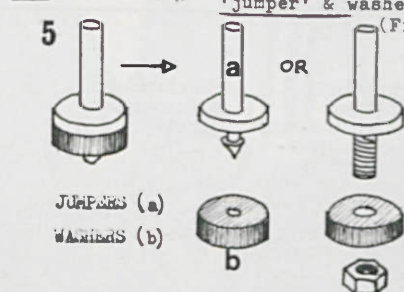
There should also be stop valves at the entry and exit to your cistern on the cold water distribution pipes, and stop valves where the pipes enter your kitchen and bathroom. When changing a tap washer it is only necessary to turn off

the valve on the pipe supplying that tap. TO CHANGE A WASHER

1. Get all the tools you will need, ie, a pair of pliers, a small screwdriver, & a thin adjustable spanner or wrench.
2. TURN OFF THE WATER
3. Turn the tap fully open and let water drain away. Leave the tap in this open position throughout.



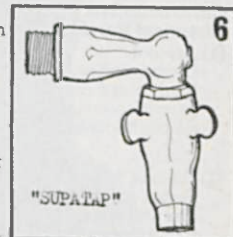
4. If your tap is held on by a screw, take it off, unscrew & lift off cover (Fig 2). This might be stiff, so put some rag between the jaws of the wrench to avoid damage to cover. If you haven't taken off the tap head, just lift the cap to reveal the hexagonal nut. 5. Undo this nut and lift out body of the tap, complete with 'jumper' & washer (Fig 3).



6. Remove the old washer from the jumper and wipe off any remaining particles. If the washer is held on with a nut, this might be corroded and immovable in which case you can replace the whole jumper complete with its new washer (Type shown Fig.5a)
7. Check the washer seat in base of tap for signs of corrosion. If it has pits & grooves in it, it has to be re-ground. By the plumber. Otherwise the water will continue to seep through despite the new washer.
8. Finally put your tap together again and turn the water on.

NB: WASHERS. You obviously don't want to turn off the water, dismantle your tap & then leave it while you go down to a hardware store to get your new washer. So, either take your tap apart, measure the washer exactly, replace it & then go shopping OR, take a good look at the tap, go to a hardware store where they sell taps and point yours out. Or buy a selection of different sizes (they are only 1p to 3p each). The standard washer is of black rubber, but for hot water taps, a hard (usually red) fibrous washer is often recommended.

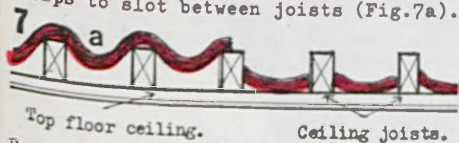
NB: One exception to the above is the 'Supatap' which are designed for easy re-washing. These have the washer in the nozzle. You undo the nut above the finger grip & twist the nozzle off. Then turn it upside down and bang it on the table. The washer & anti-splash device will fall out. Replace the old washer with the 'Supatap' washer.



INSULATION & LAGGING

If you want to be warmer, cut the cost of your heating & protect against freezing pipes, then you must insulate and lag vulnerable pipes. The major heat loss is through the roof and there are 3 basic materials to counter this:

A: Blanket Materials. Mats of glass fibre, (which can irritate your skin), or mineral wool. These are either laid over the whole top ceiling, or can be cut into strips to slot between joists (Fig.7a).

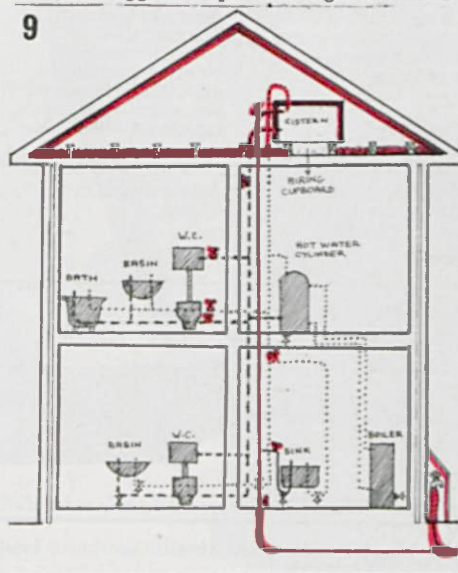


B: Loose Fill Materials. Expanded polystyrene or vermiculite granules, & loose mineral fibre. (This fibre is dirty, heavy, difficult to lay evenly 8c,b,f.)



C: Foils: Aluminium foil, plain or corrugated. The foil is usually laid over the whole area, tacked down over the joists. But it's easy to miss one's footing on the joists, and put a foot through the ceiling. Corrugated foil is best laid in strips, between the joists, 2 to 3 layers thick (8d,e). Where pipes run across the loft floor, it is important they are well covered (8c).

TYPICAL HOT AND COLD WATER PIPE LAYOUT NB: The top ceiling AND the roof & cistern are lagged to protect against frost.



- Service pipe from mains
- Cold water distribution pipes
- Hot water distribution pipes
- Stopcock (or stop valve, stop tap)
- Drainage plug/tap
- The red in the diagram (apart from the stopcocks) indicates lagging.

LAGGING PIPES

Most houses are built in such a way that the pipes are not exposed to frost, or are attached to an outside wall. However, the pipes and cistern in the roof must be protected and any pipes or taps outside (such as garden/garage taps, outdoor toilets) must be lagged. Outdoor taps will be even safer if encased in an insulated box (Fig.9). Not all pipes burst when they freeze. Eg, polythene tube has considerable elasticity and will stretch to take the extra volume of ice.



- Flexible foamed polyurethane section, slit horizontally & easily slipped over the pipe and secured with the waterproof adhesive tape or bound with string (3p to 10p a foot).
- Spiral wound hair felt lagging. If using this it is essential to bind it evenly & avoid any gaps. (2p to 5p a ft).

If you do discover a burst pipe hung with icicles call the plumber immediately, and if he cannot get to you straight away, knock off the ice, roll out a cake of soap, spread it over the crack and bind with bandages in case of a thaw. If the burst pipe is already flooding you out, turn off the water at the main stopcock and also TURN OFF THE ELECTRICITY

Stephanie Gilbert

How to avoid an unwanted baby.

It's very important to choose the method of contraception that suits you best.

	What is it?	How it works.	Advantages.	Disadvantages.	Where can you get or buy it?
French letter. (or condom)	A thin covering of rubber which is fitted over penis.	Sperms prevented from reaching womb.	Easy to obtain. Easy to use. Both partners will know a contraceptive is being used. Offers some protection against V.D. infection.	Has been known to slip off.	Most chemists; barbers' shops; or by mail. Or your local family planning clinic.
PILL	Pills containing oestrogen and progestogen.	Pills taken daily prevent woman from producing her monthly egg cell. (Ovulation.)	Easy to use.	Needs prescription. Sometimes unpleasant side effects.	Requires a prescription from family doctor or family planning clinic doctor.
Cap. (Together with spermicidal cream or jelly)	Rubber cap which fits over entrance to womb.	Prevents male sperm from entering womb.	No interference with enjoyment.	Must be inserted before intercourse.	Has to be fitted initially by a family doctor or family planning clinic doctor.
Coil or Loop. Intra Uterine Devices (IUD)	A small flexible coil or loop which is inserted into the uterus.	Presence of device in womb stops fertilized monthly egg cells from being implanted.	Once inserted can be forgotten until time for once a year check-up.	Temporary discomfort. Not advised before woman has had a pregnancy.	Family planning clinic or family doctor. Must be inserted by a doctor.
Contraceptive Chemical Barriers.					
(1) Aerosol Contraceptive Foam (Only chemical barrier recommended for use on its own)	Foaming cream in aerosol can.	Foam sprayed into vagina to form a chemical barrier through which sperms cannot move.	Easy to obtain. No prescription necessary.	Must be used before intercourse. Bit messy.	Family planning clinics and chemists.
(2) Creams, jellies, pastes, soluble tablets and pessaries. (Only recommended for use with cap or french letter)	Chemicals which are inserted into vagina.	The chemical immobilizes sperms or kills them in the vagina.	Cheap. No prescription necessary.	Should only be used with a cap or french letter.	Family planning clinics and chemists.
Sterilization. (Known as vasectomy for men)	Surgical Operation.	Makes it impossible for male to produce sperm and for a woman to produce egg cell.	A simple operation. The most effective permanent method. Need not worry about any other birth control precaution. Does not interfere with sex life.	You can't change your mind about having no more children.	Your family doctor will advise.
Rhythm method. 'Safe period'	Time of ovulation is calculated by keeping notes of period dates and temperature charts.	Couple only have intercourse during woman's infertile period.	Approved by R.C. Church.	Lengthy calculations required. Not very reliable for women with irregular periods.	Thermometer and temperature charts from chemists and family planning clinics.
Withdrawal.		Man withdraws penis before orgasm.	No cost.	Unreliable.	
Douche. 'Washing out' (NOT RECOMMENDED)	Syringe.	Woman flushes out semen after intercourse.	None.	Dangerous (can cause pelvic infection), and unreliable.	Chemists and 'Surgical' shops.

NOTE: The contraceptives on this page are not listed in order of effectiveness.

For further information consult your doctor, local public health department, local family planning clinic, or

°The Health Education Council

Middlesex House, Ealing Road, Wembley, Middlesex HA0 1HH

Page	Title	Author	Rights
1	Anna Coote and Griselda Pollock of Women's Lobby	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
4	Letters		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
6	Before and after		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Before and after. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
6	Michael Ramsden	Perry, Roger	Usage Terms: © Estate of Roger Perry
7	Before and after		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Before and after. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
7	Michael Ramsden	Perry, Roger	Usage Terms: © Estate of Roger Perry
8	School Daze Sexuality	Blunn, Derek	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for School Daze Sexuality. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
8	Teacher and pupils	Courtauld, Susie	Usage Terms: © Susie Hamilton
9	School Daze Sexuality	Blunn, Derek	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for School Daze Sexuality. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
9	Boys and girls at school	Courtauld, Susie	Usage Terms: © Susie Hamilton
10	Notes for a masterpiece	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
10	Edwardian fashion plate		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Edwardian fashion plate. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
10	The waterfront along which G was drowned		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The waterfront along which G was drowned. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
			Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be

11	Notes for a masterpiece	Berger, John	used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
11	Manuscript and notes for G	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
11	One of the four chained Moors at Livonro.	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
12	Notes for a masterpiece	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
12	This is a drawing (doodle?) of a woman, made with many others, when words stopped and became inadequate	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
12	The dress that Nusa wore at the Ball	Berger, John	Usage Terms: © John Berger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
13	You Don't Know What Is Happening Do You, Mr Jones?	Mulvey, Laura	Usage Terms: © Laura Mulvey
14	You Don't Know What Is Happening Do You, Mr Jones?	Mulvey, Laura	Usage Terms: © Laura Mulvey
15	You Don't Know What Is Happening Do You, Mr Jones?	Mulvey, Laura	Usage Terms: © Laura Mulvey
16	You Don't Know What Is Happening Do You, Mr Jones?	Mulvey, Laura	Usage Terms: © Laura Mulvey
17	Whose bloody battle?	Merck, Mandy	Usage Terms: © Mandy Merck
17	Wet scouts on the picket line of St Anne's College		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Wet scouts on the picket line of St Anne's College. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Whose bloody battle?		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Whose bloody battle?. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.

18	Mavis Jones, scout and co-shop steward		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Mavis Jones, scout and co-shop steward. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Anna Livingstine	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
19	News	Merck, Mandy	Usage Terms: © Mandy Merck
19	The female driver		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The female driver. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
20	Listings	Parker, Rosie	Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)
21	Spare Time		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	Put a Her in your Hertz	Coote, Anna	Usage Terms: © Anna Coote
23	Her says yes	Courtauld, Susie	Usage Terms: © Susie Hamilton
24	Put a Her in your Hertz	Coote, Anna	Usage Terms: © Anna Coote
25	woman, fox and whale		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for woman, fox and whale. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
26	squirrel, beaver and plant		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for squirrel, beaver and plant. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
27	Bessie Smith	Koerber, Carmel	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bessie Smith. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
27	Bessie Smith		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bessie Smith. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
27	Bonnie Raitt	Hepworth, Nicky	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bonnie Raitt. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
			Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bonnie Raitt. Please c

27	Bonnie Raitt	Hepworth, Nicky	ontact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	A Safe Place	Mohr, Chris	Usage Terms: © Chris Mohr
28	The Body Politic	Cowley, Sue	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Body Politic. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	"I don't work, I'm only a housewife"		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "I don't work, I'm only a housewife". Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	Illustration		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Illustration. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
29	Priority Education	Buckman, Peter	Usage Terms: © Peter Buckman
30	You Don't Know What Is Happening Do You, Mr Jones?	Mulvey, Laura	Usage Terms: © Laura Mulvey
31	Hong Kong Revisited	Morton, Joselyn	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Hong Kong Revisited. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
31	Hong Kong	Morton, Roger	Usage Terms: © Morton, Roger. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
32	Hong Kong Revisited		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Hong Kong Revisited. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
32	Young, beautiful Chinese girl		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Young, beautiful Chinese girl. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
33	Hong Kong Revisited	Morton, Joselyn	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Hong Kong Revisited. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
36	Everthing you need to know about abortion	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.

37	Everthing you need to know about abortion	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
38	Everthing you need to know about abortion	Phillips, Angela	Usage Terms: © Angela Phillips. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
39	Changing A Tap Washer	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Changing A Tap Washer. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
39	Insulation & Lagging	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Insulation & Lagging. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
39	Insulation & Lagging	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Insulation & Lagging. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.